

THE  
ATHENAID.

A P O E M.

VOL. II.



THE  
ANTHROPOLOGY



VOL. I

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THE

A T H E N A I D,

A P O E M,

BY THE

AUTHOR OF LEONIDAS.

VOL. II.

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L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL,  
IN THE STRAND.

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THE

A. T. H. E. N. A. I. D.

A. T. O. F. M.

BY THE

A. T. H. E. N. A. I. D.



LONDON

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AT THE STAND

M. DCC. LXXXV.

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THE  
A T H E N A I D.  
BOOK the ELEVENTH.

**T**H' unloosen'd anchors to the waves resign  
The Delphian keels, while Aufter's friendly  
breath,

Their burden light'ning, soon to Sunium shews  
The spreading sails. Two vessels, riding there,  
Receive embarking warriors. On the beach  
Looks Medon stedfast: By almighty Jove,  
He cries aloud, Themistocles I see!  
O Haliartus, O my holy friend,  
We must not leave unvisited a shore



Which holds that living trophy to our view, 10  
The victor-chief at Salamis. The skiff  
Is launch'd; they land. Themistocles begins  
The salutation: Hail! Oileus' son,  
Thou rev'rend host of Athens, Timon, hail!  
Your unexpected presence here excites 15  
A pleasing wonder. Whither do ye steer  
These well remember'd vessels, which convey'd  
Thee, first of Locrians, with our Attic bard,  
To Salamis from Delphi? In that course  
Was Timon captive made, whom freed at last 20  
My joyful arms embrace. The Locrian here:

To Atalanté, in Eubœan streights,  
We steer; another of Oilean race,  
Through bounteous Heav'n a refuge there obtains,  
My brother, good Leonteus, with a band 25  
Of gallant Locrians, ready at my call  
To lift their bucklers in defence of Greece.

But

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3

But why, remote from Athens, on the strand  
Of naked Sunium, do I see the son  
Of Neocles, so recently by me  
At Sparta left? Themistocles replies:

30

Forbear enquiry now, O virtuous branch  
Of that ennobled stock, th' Oilean house!  
If e'er my conduct merited thy praise,  
If thou believ'st me studious of the fame  
Which follows manly deeds, forbear to doubt  
Th' unwearied further efforts of my limbs,  
My heart, my talents: Secrecy matures,  
Time brings the labour of the mind to birth.  
Were those first steps reveal'd, which restless thought,  
Constructing some vast enterprize, ascends,  
How wild a wand'rer, Medon, would appear  
The policy of man! But, gen'rous chief,  
Whose valour, whose experience might assure  
A prosp'rous issue to a bold exploit,

35

41

45

B 2

Say,

Say, should I open on some future day  
 To thy discerning sight the clearest track,  
 Where to success one glorious stride might reach,  
 Wouldst thou be ready at my call? He paus'd.

From such a mouth, such captivating words 50  
 Insinuate sweetness through the Locrian's ear,  
 Who feels th' allurements; yet, by prudence rul'd,  
 This answer frames: Through such a glorious track  
 Whoever guides, may challenge Medon's aid;  
 Thou prove that guide, my steps shall follow close,  
 Unless by Aristides call'd, whose voice 56  
 Commands my service. Cool th' Athenian hides  
 The smart his wounded vanity endures,  
 And manly thus, unchang'd in look, rejoins:

I ask no more; I rest my future claim 60  
 On Medon's valour, only to support  
 What Aristides shall approve, farewell.

Avail



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Avail thee straight of these propitious winds ;  
In Atalanté, known to me of old,  
What force thou can'st, assemble ; dread no wants,  
I will be watchful to supply them all. 65

They part. Now Medon, under hoisted sails,  
Remarks unwonted transport on the cheek  
Of Haliartus. O my peasant weeds,  
His joy exclaims, how gratefully you rise  
In my remembrance now ! From you my hopes 70  
Forebode some benefit to Greece. Dear lord,  
Forbear enquiry ; by yon hero warn'd,  
In secrecy my thoughts, till form'd complete,  
Lie deeply bury'd. Timon smil'd, and spake :

I know, full often enterprises bold 75  
Lie in the womb of mystery conceal'd ;  
Thus far th' Athenian hero and thyself  
Raise expectation ; but I further know,



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His faculties are matchless, thou art brave, 80  
 Unerring Medon like my god is wise;  
 'Thence expectation soars on steady wings.  
 O light of Greece, Themistocles, exert  
 Thy boundless pow'rs! mature thy pregnant plan!  
 Whene'er the glorious mystery unveils, 85  
 Me and my Delphians thou shalt find prepar'd.

The turbulent Euripus swift they plough  
 In pleasing converse thus, and clasp, in hope,  
 Their anxious friends on Atalanté's shore.

When ev'ry mast was hid by Sunium's cape, 90  
 Thus to his faithful minister, the son  
 Of Neocles: Sicinus, hast thou seen  
 My followers on board? The treasures brought  
 From Xerxes, those my spoils of war supply,  
 The arms, the stores, Sicinus, has thy care 95  
 Deposited in safety? Yes, replies

Th'

Book XI. THE ATHENAID. 7

Th' entrusted servant. Now thyself embark,  
His lord enjoins, who, musing thus, remains:

If my attempt to further I have won  
This gallant Locrian, frankly I confess 100  
My debt to fortune; but this casual boon  
I can forego, if wantonly her hand  
Resumes; Themistocles alone can trace  
A path to glory. Tow' rds the land he turns,  
Proceeding thus: Now, Attica, farewell, 105  
Awhile farewell. To thee, Barbarian gold,  
Themistocles resorts; my bosom guest,  
Whom Aristides in disdain would spurn,  
By thee, O gift of Xerxes, I will raise  
The weal of Athens, and a fresh increase 110  
To my own laurels. Uncontroll'd, supreme  
Is Aristides. He the Attic youth  
In phalanx bright to victory may lead;  
Minerva's bird Xanthippus may display

To Asia, trembling at their naval flag ; 115  
A private man, Themistocles will reach  
Your summits, fellow citizens, preferr'd  
To his command. Ye chosen heroes, wait  
For breezy spring to wanton in your sails,  
Then range your vig'rous files, and pamper'd steeds ;  
Themistocles, amid septentrion snows, 121  
Shall rouse despair and anguish from their den  
Of lamentation ; poverty shall blaze  
In radiant steel ; pale misery shall grasp  
A standard. Athens, thy rejected son 125  
Extorted aid from tyranny shall draw  
On his own greatness to establish thine.

Swift he embarks, like Neptune when he mounts  
His rapid conch to call the tempests forth, 130  
Upturn the floods, and rule them when they rage.  
The third clear morning shews Eretria's port,  
Among Eubœan cities once superb,

Eretria



Eretria now in ashes. She had join'd  
Th' Athenians, bold invaders, who consum'd  
The capital of Lydia, to revenge 135  
Ionian Greeks enthral'd. Eretria paid  
Severe atonement to Hyftaspes' son,  
Incens'd Darius. To a Ciffian plain,  
A central space of his unbounded realm,  
Far from their ancient feat, which flames devour'd,  
He her exterminated race confin'd, 141  
Sad captives, never to revisit more  
Their native isle. A filent wharf admits  
Themistocles on fhore, a void extent,  
Where fons of Neptune heretofore had fwarm'd.  
No mooring vefsel in the haven rode, 146  
No footstep mark'd the ways; fole inmates there,  
Calamity and horror, as enthron'd,  
Sat on o'erwhelming ruins, and forbade  
'The hero paffage, till a feeming track 150  
Presents, half bury'd in furrounding heaps



Of desolation, what appears a dome,  
 Rais'd to some god. Themistocles observes  
 A shatter'd porch, whose proud supporters lie  
 In fragments, save one column, which upholds 155  
 Part of a sculptur'd pediment, where, black  
 By conflagration, an inscription maim'd  
 Retains these words, "To eleutherian Jove."

Th' Athenian enters, follow'd by his train  
 In arms complete. Excluded was the day 160  
 By ruins pil'd externally around,  
 Unless what broken thinly-scatter'd rays  
 Shot through th' encumber'd portal. Soon they stand  
 Amidst obscuring dusk in silence all,  
 All motionless in wonder, while a voice, 165  
 Distinct in tone, delivers through the void  
 These solemn accents: Eleutherian god!  
 Since no redeemer to Eretria fall'n  
 Thy will vouchsafes, why longer dost thou keep  
 Thy

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Thy aged servant on a stage of woe? 170

Why not release him? why not close his eyes,  
So vainly melting o'er his country lost?

Ten years are fled; the morning I have hail'd

In sighs alone; have laid my head on thorns

Of anguish, nightly visited in dreams 175

By images of horror, which employ

Each waking moment. To have seen destroy'd

From their foundations my paternal streets,

The holy structures burn, a people forc'd

In climates new and barbarous to dwell, 180

Was sure enough to suffer—It is time

To give my patience rest. The plaintive sound

Draws on th' Athenian, who perceives a gleam,

Pale-quiv'ring o'er a solitary lamp;

Perceives a rev'rend fire, resembling Time, 185

Down to whose girdle hangs the snowy fleece

Of wintry age. Unaw'd his lamp he rais'd;

A dim reflection from the polish'd arms

Reveal'd the warrior, whom he thus bespake:

Whate'er thou art, if hostile, or a friend, 190  
A god, a mortal, or a phantom vain,  
Know, that my state no change can render worse,  
All change make better. Father, soft replied  
Th' advancing chief, take comfort, I am come  
Thy country's favour; follow, in the day 195  
See who I am. Between the op'ning band  
He leads the senior through the dusky porch,  
Whom he accosts before th' unclouded sun,  
Then vertical: Rest, father, and behold  
Themistocles of Athens. While the priest, 200  
So by his fillet sacerdotal known,  
In wonder paus'd, th' artificer divine  
Of wiles to catch the sudden turns of chance,  
Frames in a momentary cast of thought  
This bright device of fiction to allure 205  
A holy mind. O worthy of the god!  
Thou servant pure of Jupiter! I mourn,  
Like thee, Eretria, not like thee despond.

Attend,



Book XI. THE ATHENAID. 13

Attend, thou righteous votary to heav'n!  
I, from the day of Salamis o'ertoil'd, 210  
While courting slumber, in a vision saw  
The sapient issue of th' almighty fire,  
His best lov'd Minerva. Still the sound  
Of her gorgonian shield my ears retain,  
While earnest, striking on its rim her spear, 215  
The virgin warrior spake: Triumphant son  
Of Neocles, remember in thy joy  
The miseries of others. Go, redeem  
Eretria fall'n, whose noble remnant arm'd  
Sev'n ships, exhausting all their slender stores, 220  
To fight for Athens on this glorious day.

As from the footy gate of direful Dis  
Deliver'd Theseus, when to cheering day  
He reascended, on Alcides look'd,  
Who for his lov'd companion pierc'd the gloom 225  
Of Erebus; th' Eretrian's grateful eyes

Thus



Thus on the son of Neocles were fix'd,  
In ecstacy of joy. These fervent words  
He utter'd : Heav'n hath giv'n thee to destroy  
Presumptuous foes, O favour'd by the gods! 230  
Who give thee now to save despairing friends;  
That, all-rejoicing in thy trophies new,  
Great as thou art, thy gen'rous soul may prove,  
How far beyond the transports conquest yields,  
Are those resulting from benignant deeds. 235  
More grateful, chief, is charity's sweet voice,  
Than Fame's shrill trumpet, in the ear of Jove,  
Who will, on such humanity as thine,  
Accumulate his blessings. If my name  
Thou ne'er hast heard, or, hearing, hast forgot, 240  
Know, that from lib'ral Cleobulus sprung,  
I am Tisander. Interrupting swift  
Th' Athenian here : Thy own, thy father's name,  
To me, illustrious pontiff, well are known.  
My recent banner in the summer's gale 245

Thou

Thou must remember on th' Eretrian coast.  
 Eretrian warriors under Cleon's charge,  
 In ships by me supply'd, undaunted fought  
 At Artemisium, and an earnest gave  
 Of their late prowess. From their chief, from all  
 Thy celebrating countrymen, I heard 251  
 Of thee Tifander, and thy name retain;  
 Proceed. To him the priest: Flow first my tears!  
 Of that brave band whatever now remains  
 Have nought but prowess left. Alas! how few  
 Escap'd thy fell, exterminating hand, 256  
 When treachery surrender'd to thy pow'r,  
 Darius! Sons of husbandry lay hid  
 In woods and caverns; of the nobler class  
 Some on the main were absent. Priest of Jove 260  
 I was releas'd; a pious, beardless prince,  
 Nam'd Hyperanthes, on my rank and years  
 Look'd with compassion; living, I extol,  
 My dying breath shall bless him. I have dwelt  
 Within

Within my temple, mourning o'er this waste. 265

Here, annually collected (Lo! the day

Of that severe solemnity is nigh)

Th' unhappy reliques of Eretrian blood

Accompany my tears. Thou knowst, they fail'd

At thy appointment, on Athenian decks, 270

They and the men of Styra from that port

For Salamis. In glory they return'd

To want and horror, desert found their land,

Their crops, their future sustenance destroy'd,

Their huts consum'd, their cattle swept away, 275

Their progeny, their wives; flagitious act

Of Demonax, in Oreus late replac'd,

Her tyrant foul, a slave to Xerxes' throne,

His scourge in rich Eubœa, half-reduc'd

To this dire monster's sway, by royal aid 280

Of endless treasure, and Barbarian bands.

Such is our state. Too scanty are the means

Of willing Styra to relieve such wants;

Our



Our wealthier neighbours of Carystus vend,  
Not give; in hoarded grain, in flocks and herds 285  
Abounding, them a fordid chief controlls,  
Nicomachus. An oligarchy rules  
Geræstus small, but opulent——O Jove!  
I see brave Cleon yonder; from his head  
He rends the hair—what gestures of distress! 290  
He beats his troubled bosom, wrings his hands!  
Not heeding great Themistocles, he points  
On me alone a wild distracted look!  
Say Cleon . . . Swift, with shiv'ring lips and pale,  
Th' Eretrian leader, interrupting, vents 295  
His tortur'd thoughts: Tisander, can thy pray'rs  
Repel grim famine, rushing on the blast  
Of barren winter? Three disastrous days  
Will lay the combatants for Greece in dust,  
Behind them leaving nothing but a name 300  
For Salamis to publish. Lo! they come,  
A dying people, suppliant to repose

Within

Within thy fane their flesh-divested bones.  
 Yet such a tomb, their fainting voices cry,  
 May those Eretrians envy who are doom'd 305  
 To lodge their captive limbs in Asia's mold.

He ends in sighs. Behold, a ghastly troop  
 Slow through the ruins of their native streets  
 In languid pace advance ! So gath'ring shoals  
 Of ghosts from hour to hour through endless time,  
 The unrelenting eye of Charon views, 311  
 By sickness, plague and famine, by the sword,  
 Or heart-corroding sorrow, sent from light  
 To pass the black irremeable floods  
 Of Styx. Cecropia's hero cast a look 315  
 Like Phoebus heav'nly-gentle, when, aton'd,  
 Th' infectious air he clear'd, awak'ning gales  
 To breathe salubrious o'er th' enfeebled host  
 Of Agamemnon, as from death they rose  
 Yet to assert their glory. Swift the chief 320  
 Bespake

Belpake Sicinus : Haste, unlaid the ships ;  
 Three talents bring ; they, Cleon, shall be thine ;  
 Seek those in every part who vend, not give.  
 The gifts of Ceres in profusion bear,  
 The gifts of Pan, the grape's reviving juice, 325  
 To these, my fellow warriors, who have seen  
 My banner streaming, twice have lent their aid  
 To my renown ; meantime our naval food  
 Shall be their portion ; vesture now shall cheer  
 Their limbs. My brave companions, I have brought  
 The spear and buckler for your manly hands ; 331  
 Your strength restor'd shall feel the glorious weight  
 Of crested helms. Tifander, let them rest  
 Within thy shelt'ring temple, not to sink  
 Beneath distress, but vig'rous soon renew 335  
 Their practis'd race of honour. Pass, my friends,  
 Be mute ; expression of your joy I wave ;  
 Again to-morrow you and I will meet.

Tifander,



Tifander, happy, entertains his guests,  
 Twelve hundred countrymen, the last remains 340  
 Of populous Eretria. Plenty's boon  
 Alert the Attic mariners diffuse  
 To all, and cordial tend their wants; discreet  
 Sicinus curbs excess. The tidings brought  
 Of his performance from a short repast 345  
 Dismiss'd his lord applauding; who serene,  
 Stretch'd on his naval pillow, slept till dawn.

He rose. To him Sicinus: Will my lord  
 Permit his servant, with an active band  
 Of sailors, these obstructions to remove, 350  
 Or so dispose, that feeblest steps may find  
 A passage free to good Tifander's fane;  
 That through its wonted apertures, the round  
 Of that huge pile, where Jupiter should dwell,  
 Now dark as Pluto's palace, may admit 355  
 The light of heav'n? Yet further, we must search  
 For

For coverts dry, if such the greedy flames  
Have left among these ruins, to secure  
The various stores, which Cleon may transport.

To him his lord : Go, monitor expert, 360  
Accomplish what thou counsel'st. Tow'rd the fane  
Himself not slow proceeds. Before the front,  
On scatter'd fragments of their ancient homes,  
Th' Eretrians, pale with long-continu'd want,  
Are seated. Thick as winter-famish'd birds 365  
Perch on the boughs, which icicles encrust,  
Yet chirp and flutter in th' attemp'ring fun,  
These, at the hero's presence, wave their hands,  
Unite their efforts in acclaim not loud,  
But cordial, rather in a gen'ral sigh 370  
Of gratitude. The charitable care  
Of his best warriors, some of noblest birth,  
Impart their help, like parents to a race  
Of tender infants. One f might approv'd

In

In battle, hardiest of the naval breed, 375

Th' Eretrians, worn by hunger, scarce retain

The slender pow'rs of childhood. One by one

Themistocles consoles them, and devotes

In condescension sedulous the day

To kindness not impolitic. In these 380

His piercing genius fit materials saw

To build another structure of renown.

Ere he retires, Tisander thus he greets :

Wilt thou, O father ! on my board bestow

An evening hour ? My moments all belong 385

To this yet helpless people, said the priest.

Such pious care through me shall heav'n reward,

Exclaims the chief, as round him he remarks

The toiling sailors ; soon, thou guardian good

Of wretched men committed to thy charge, 390

Soon shall thy temple reassume its state.

Prepare



Prepare an altar ; Hecatombs again  
 Shall smoke ere long, Eretria cast aside  
 Her widow'd garb, and lift her festive palms  
 To eleutherian Jove. This utter'd, swift 395  
 He seeks his vessel, while the sun descends.

Calm, as in summer, through an ether clear  
 Aurora leads the day. A cheerful sound  
 Of Oxen, lowing from the hollow dales  
 Which tow'rd's Carystus wind, of bleeting sheep,  
 Yet nearer driven across the Eretrian plain, 401  
 Awake Themistocles. His couch he leaves,  
 Revisiting the temple ; there enjoys  
 The gen'ral transport. Plenty on the wing  
 Is nigh, the comforts of her fruitful horn 405  
 To pour on desolation. Cleon comes,  
 Accosting thus Themistocles : My task  
 Is well accomplish'd through the lib'ral zeal  
 Of Hyacinthus near a youth unlike

His sire Nicomachus. That subtile chief 410  
 Of our Carystian neighbours is behind,  
 Escorting laden carriages of grain,  
 Thy purchase ; nought his sordid hand bestows.  
 He, curious more than friendly in our need,  
 Or of thy name respectful, to explore, 415  
 Not help or pity, hither bends his course.

Conduct the father to my ship, reply'd  
 Themistocles ; sure yonder is the son,  
 Thou hast describ'd ; ingenuous are his looks. 419  
 Like him, whose name he bears, his beauteous form  
 Might charm the beaming god once more to court  
 A mortal's friendship ; but, dejection pale  
 O'ercasts his hue ; strange melancholy dims  
 His youthful eye ; too modest, or unmann'd  
 By languor, child of grief, he stops and bows 425  
 In distant, seeming awe, which wounds my soul.  
 I must salute him : Noble youth, receive

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My hand; Themistocles of Greece expects  
No such obeisance from a fellow Greek.

The majesty of Athens might exact 430  
That conquer'd tyrants, in my presence brought,  
Low as the dust should crouch beneath her chief.

A start of anguish Hyacinthus gave  
At these last words, then silent bow'd again  
His decent brow; not awe, but latent ills 435  
Seem'd to control his tongue. Th' observant chief  
Defers enquiry to its season due,  
To Cleon's charge consigns him, and retires  
To his own galley. Waiting for the fire,  
He meditates a moment on the son: 440

I see advantage in this youth's distress—  
My plan is form'd. He hastens to unbar  
His copious treasure; thence in dazzling show  
He spreads four silver talents on his board,



O'er them a mantle throws, and brief again 445

Thus ruminates: Now, Plutus, who canst sap

The strong-bas'd tow'r, and soften rigid hearts,

Smile on this juncture. Aristides scorns

Thy deity, Themistocles invokes

Thy precious succour. From profoundest woe 450

Disconsolate Eretria thou hast rais'd;

Now by a sordid instrument give life

To dull Carystus. Sudden in his view,

By Cleon brought, who instantly withdraws,

Nicomachus appears, and thus begins: 455

The Salaminian victor I salute,

Charg'd by Carystus; happy is my lot

To venerate the chief, and touch the hand

Which humbled Asia. Doth Eubœa see

Thee visitant illustrious to rebuild 460

Eretria? then instruct her to confine

That pow'r and pride, her neighbours felt of old.

Th'

Th' Athenian here : Eubœa sees me come  
Both to upraise, Carystian, and depress ;  
But to exalt thy state, my friend, I wish, 465  
Wish thy possessions equal to thy worth.  
Behold ! Uplifting to the greedy eye  
Of avarice the mantle, he pursues ;

Behold, four silver talents ! Them accept,  
Which in this casket to thy trusted slaves 470  
I will deliver now ; I only ask  
Of thy deep-founded influence to warm  
Supine Carystus : For thyself and Greece  
Unite with mine thy standard. Further note,  
If at my summons thou produce in arms 475  
Thy citizens auxiliar, from this hand  
Expect four added talents ; but the hopes  
Of no unpractis'd leader, who perceives  
His enterprize assur'd, dare promise more,  
A share, Nicomachus, of spoil in war, 480

To pass thy own belief. By present gain,  
By more in promise, not by glory fir'd,  
Nicomachus rejoins: A thousand spears  
Shall wait thy earliest notice. While he spake,  
He snatch'd the casket, shut the treasure close, 485  
Then rush'd to seek his confidential slave,  
Who takes the precious charge. With placid looks  
The cool the politic Athenian sat  
Like some experienc'd pilot, who serene,  
In skilful guidance of the steady helm, 490  
Enjoys the favour smooth of gale and tide,  
Combin'd to waft o'er ocean's fickle breast  
His gliding keel, and lodge her costly freight  
Secure at length in harbour. Now he spake  
To his re-ent'ring guest: Carystian friend, 495  
Thou hast a son, well-disciplin'd to war,  
Brave, lib'ral, wise, I doubt not; wilt thou trust  
To my society a while his youth?

He is the object of my vows to heav'n,  
Nicomachus exclaims, in passion feign'd, 500  
My



My soul's delight, the rapture of my eye!  
 If he were absent, ev'ry hour my age  
 Would feel a growing burden. Come, rejoins  
 Th' Athenian, him I only would detain  
 My messenger of orders to thy walls ; 505  
 On him another talent would bestow.

The gymnic school and letters, cries the fire,  
 He follows, heeds not treasure ; by his hand  
 Send me the talent ; never let him know  
 The charge he bears. This said, he loudly calls  
 To Hyacinthus, who had gain'd the deck, 511  
 Him ent'ring thus addresses : Son, the chief  
 Of Athens, great Themistocles, demands  
 Thee for companion. As a casual gleam  
 Breaks through th' unrav'ling texture of black clouds,  
 Which long on winter's fullen face have hung ; 516  
 So darts a ray of gladness through the gloom  
 Of Hyacinthus, by the Attic chief

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Not unobserv'd. Intent on swift return,  
Th' exulting father bids to both farewell. 520

Remaining day Themistocles employs  
Among his sailors in th' Eretrian streets,  
Inspects the necessary toil pursu'd  
With unremitted vigour, then retires  
To due refection. Cleon is a guest 525  
With Hyacinthus, still by grief devour'd  
Which all his efforts strive in vain to hide.  
Her heavy wing no sooner night outspreads,  
Than to Sicinus they are giv'n in charge,  
While to his couch Themistocles repairs. 530

*End of the Eleventh Book.*

THE  
 A T H E N A I D.

BOOK the TWELFTH.

**N**OW in the zodiac had the sun o'erpass'd  
 The tenth fair sign. The new succeeding  
 month,

Though not by Flora, nor Vertumnus deck'd,  
 Nor green in hue, though first of winter's train,  
 Oft with unfully'd skies irradiate cheers 5

The prone creation, and delights mankind.

The birds yet warble on the leafless sprays,

The placid surface, glaz'd by clearest light,

In crystal rivers, and transparent lakes,



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Or ocean's smooth cerulean bosom, shews 10  
 The finny tribes in play. The active son  
 Of Neocles uprises, and descries  
 A dawn which promis'd purity of air,  
 Of light and calmness, tempting sloth herself  
 To action. Thus he rous'd his native fire : 15

Of this kind season not a moment lose,  
 Themistocles. Sicinus ever nigh  
 He call'd: Provide two receptacles sure,  
 Each to contain twelve talents; bring my arms,  
 Produce a second suit, resembling mine; 20  
 Send Hyacinthus; let my chosen band  
 Of Attic friends, and Sparta's fifty youths,  
 My followers, be ready for a march.

Soon Hyacinthus enters; still he shews  
 The perturbation of a mind oppress'd 25  
 By some conceal'd misfortune, while, beneath

The

Book XII. THE ATHENAID. 33

The shade of sorrow, on his front appear'd  
Excelling graces. Him the chief bespake,  
Gay in his look, and sprightly in his tone :

Her eastern hill, behold, the morning mounts 30  
In radiance, scatter'd from the liquid gems  
On her loose mantle; but the heart of youth  
In ev'ry season should rejoice, in clouds  
Not less than sunshine, whether nature's voice  
Be hoarse in storms, or tune to whisp'ring gales 35  
Her vernal music. Sharp some inward grief,  
When youth is sad; yet fortune oft deceives  
The inexperienc'd by imagin'd ills,  
Or light, which counsel of the more mature  
Can lightly heal. Unlock thy lib'ral mind; 40  
To me, a guardian pregnant of relief  
Beyond thy father, countrymen, or friends,  
Impart thy cares. The sighing guest replied :

34 THE ATHENAID. Book XII.

To thy controul my service I devote,  
 O scourge of tyrants, but retain my grief ! 45  
 Which thou, O first of mortals, or the king  
 Of high Olympus, never can redress.

Sicinus interrupts ; his lord's commands  
 Are all accomplish'd. Now, Carystian friend,  
 Resembling me in stature, size and limbs, 50  
 The son of Neocles proceeds, accept  
 That suit of armour ; I have tried it well ;  
 Receive a shield familiar to my arm.

He next instructs Sicinus : Thou receive  
 Twelve talents ; hasten to the neighb'ring walls 55  
 Of stately Chalcis, populous and rich,  
 Queen of Eubœan cities, in whose port  
 The twenty ships of Athens yet remain,  
 Which Chalcis borrow'd, and equipp'd for war.  
 Of her bold race four thousand we beheld 60  
 Distinguish'd



Distinguish'd late in Artemisium's fight,  
 At Salamis yet later. First approach  
 The new-made archon in a rev'rent style,  
 Timoxenus most potent in that state,  
 A dubious, timid magistrate, unlike 65  
 Nearchus. Cordial salutation bear  
 To him, my brave associate; do not turn  
 Thy back on Chalcis, till thy prudence brings  
 Intelligence of weight; th' Athenian keels  
 With grain abundant and materials lade, 70  
 That friendly roofs th' Eretrians may obtain,  
 Before grim winter harrow up these streights  
 Unnavigable soon. This said, he arms;  
 Begirt by warriors, to the temple speeds,  
 And greets the priest: In gladsome thought I see 75  
 The goddess Health, white-handed, crimson-cheek'd,  
 As from a silver car in roseate clouds  
 Look on thy people; dropping on their lips  
 Restoring dew, she bids them taste and live.

36 THE ATHEMAID. Book XII.

The convalescent piously employ 80  
 In labours, where my naval band shall join,  
 To free th' encumber'd temple, to repair,  
 To cover dwellings, lest the winter bring  
 New hardships. Martial exercise I leave  
 To Cleon's care, while ten revolving suns 85  
 Of absence I must count. Now, father, take  
 This hand, a hand which fortune and thy god  
 Have ever favour'd, which shall soon convert  
 The annual day of mourning in thy fane  
 To festival solemnity of joy. 90

Bless'd by Tifander, rapid he departs.  
 Young Hyacinthus follows, who in arms,  
 Once by his patron worn, to ev'ry eye  
 Presents a new Themistocles, but such,  
 As when th' allurements of his early bloom 95  
 He, not unconscious of the charm, display'd  
 To Attic damsels. Cloudless on their march

Apollo

Apollo shoots a clear and tepid ray;  
 A scatter'd village in Carystian bounds  
 To rural hospitality admits 100  
 The wearied warriors. Hyacinthus guides  
 His great protector to a shelt'ring fane  
 Of Juno, styl'd connubial; stately round  
 Old beech extend a venerable shade;  
 Through ages time had witness'd to their growth,  
 Whose ruddy texture, disarray'd of green, 106  
 Glows in the purple of declining day.

They pass the marble threshold, when the youth  
 With visage pale, in accents broken spake:

Unequall'd man, behold the only place 110  
 For thy reception fit; for mine. . . He paus'd;  
 A gushing torrent of impetuous grief  
 O'erwhelm'd his cheeks; now starting, on he rush'd,  
 Before the sacred image wrung his hands;

Then



Then sinking down, along the pavement roll'd 115  
 His body; in distraction would have dash'd  
 His forehead there. Themistocles prevents,  
 Uplifts, and binds him in a strong embrace;  
 When thus in eager agony the youth:

Is not thy purpose, godlike man, to crush 120  
 The tyrant Demonax, in torture cut  
 The murd'rer short, that he may feel the pangs  
 Of death unnatural? Young man, replies  
 Th' Athenian grave, to know my hidden thoughts,  
 Dost thou aspire, retaining still thy own? 125  
 Still in my presence thy distemper drinks  
 The cup of misery conceal'd, and seems,  
 Rejecting friendship's salutary hand,  
 To court the draught which poisons. Canst thou  
 hope,  
 Mysterious youth, my confidence, yet none 130  
 Wilt in Themistocles repose? His look,

His

His tone, in feign'd austerity he wrapp'd,  
 So Æsculapius bitter juice apply'd  
 From helpful plants, his wisdom had explor'd,  
 The vehicles of health. In humble tears, 135  
 Which melted more than flow'd, the mourner thus:

Forgive me, too regardless of thy grace;  
 Of all forgetful, save itself, my grief  
 Deserves thy frown, yet less than giddy joy,  
 Which, grown familiar, wantons in the smile 140  
 Of condescension. Ah! that grief will change  
 Reproof to more than pity; will excite  
 A thirst for vengeance, when thy justice hears.  
 A tale—Unfold it, interpos'd the chief,  
 To one who knows the various ways of men, 145  
 Hath study'd long their passions and their woes,  
 Nor less the med'cines for a wounded mind.

Then Hyacinthus: Mighty chief, recal  
 Thy first successes, when Euboea's maids 149  
 Saw

Saw from her shores Barbarian pendants low'r'd  
To thine, and grateful pluck'd the flow'rs of May  
To dress in chaplets thy victorious deck.  
Then, at thy gen'rous instigation fir'd,  
The men of Oreus from their walls expell'd  
Curst Demonax, their tyrant. On a day, 155  
Ah! source of short delight, of lasting pain!  
I from the labour of a tedious chase,  
O'erspent by thirst and heat, a forest gain'd.  
A rill, meandring to a green recess,  
I track'd; my wonder saw a damsel there 160  
In sumptuous vesture, couch'd on fragrant tufts  
Of camomile, amid surrounding flow'rs  
Reposing. Tall, erect a figure stern  
Was nigh; all sable on his head and brow,  
Above his lip, and shadowing his cheeks 165  
The hair was bristled; fierce, but frank his eye  
A grim fidelity reveal'd; his belt



Book XII. THE ATHENAID. 41

Sustain'd a fabre ; from a quiver full  
On sight of me an arrow keen he drew,  
A well-strung bow presented, my approach 170  
Forbidding loudly. She, upstarting, wak'd.  
My aspect, surely gentle when I first  
Beheld Cleora, more of hope than fear  
Inspir'd ; she crav'd protection—What, ye fates !  
Was my protection—O superior man, 175  
Can thy sublimity of soul endure  
My tedious anguish ! Interposing mild  
Th' Athenian here : Take time, give sorrow vent,  
My Hyacinthus, I forbid not tears.

He now pursues : her suppliant hands she rais'd,  
To me astonish'd, hearing from her lips, 181  
That Demonax was author of her days.  
Amid the tumult his expulsion caus'd,  
She, from a rural palace, where he stor'd  
Well known to her a treasure, with a slave 185  
In

In faith approv'd, with gold and gems of price  
 Escap'd. All night on fleetest steeds they rode,  
 Nor knew what hospitable roof to seek.

My father's sister, Glaucé, close behind  
 This fane of Juno dwelt, her priestess pure, 190  
 My kindest parent. To her roof I brought—  
 O Glaucé what—O dearest, most rever'd!  
 To thee I brought Cleora! Horror pale  
 Now blanch'd his visage, shook his loos'ning joints,  
 Congeal'd his tongue, and rais'd his rigid hair. 195  
 Th' Athenian calm and silent waits to hear  
 The reassum'd narration. O ye flow'rs,  
 How were ye fragrant! forth in transport wild  
 Bursts Hyacinthus: O embow'ring woods,  
 How soft your shade's refreshment! Founts and rills  
 How sweet your cadence, while I won the hand 201  
 Of my Cleora to the nuptial tie,  
 By spotless vows before thy image bound,

O Goddess

O Goddess hymeneal ! O what hours  
Of happiness untainted, dear espous'd, 205  
Did we possess ! kind Glaucé smil'd on both.  
The earliest birds of morning to her voice  
Of benediction sung ; the gracious sound  
Our evening heard ; content our pillow smooth'd.  
Ev'n Oxus, so Cleora's slave was nam'd, 210  
Of Sacian birth, with grim delight and zeal  
Anticipates our will. My nuptials known  
Brings down my father, whose resentment warm  
Th' affinity with Demonax reproves,  
A helpless vagabond, a hopeless wretch ; 215  
For now thy sword at Salamis prevail'd.  
This storm Cleora calm'd ; the gen'rous fair  
Before my father laid her dazzling gems ;  
She gave, he took them all ; return'd content ;  
Left us too happy in exhaustless stores 220  
Of love for envious fate to leave unspoil'd.

Meantime



Meantime no rumour pierc'd our tranquil bow'r,  
 That Demonax in Oreus was replac'd;  
 That he two golden talents to the hand,  
 Which should restore Cleora, had proclaim'd, 225  
 To me was all unknown. Two moons complete  
 Have spent their periods since one evening late  
 Nicomachus my presence swift requir'd,  
 A dying mother to embrace. By morn  
 I gain'd Carystus; by the close of day 230  
 A tender parent on my breast expir'd.  
 An agitation unexpected shook  
 My father's bosom as I took farewell.  
 On my return—I can no more—Yes, yes,  
 Dwell on each hideous circumstance, my tongue;  
 With horror tear my heartstrings till they burst:  
 Poor Hyacinthus hath no cure but death.

The sun was broad at noon; my recent loss  
 Lamenting, yet asswaging by the joy

To

Book XII. THE ATHENAID. 45

To see Cleora soon, ne'er left before, 240

(A tedious interval to me) I reach'd

My home, th' abode of Glaucé. Clos'd, the door

Forbids my passage; to repeated calls

No voice replies; two villagers pass by,

Who at my clamours help to force my way. 245

I pass one chamber; strangled on the floor,

Two damsel-ministers of Juno lie.

I hurry on; a second, where my wife

Was in my absence to partake the couch

Of Glaucé, shews that righteous woman dead. 250

The dear impression where Cleora's limbs

Sleep had embrac'd, I saw, the only trace

Of her, the last, these eyes shall e'er behold.

Her name my accents strong in frenzy found:

Cleora makes no answer. Next I fly 255

From place to place; on Sacian Oxus call:

He is not there. A lethargy benumbs

My languid members. In a neighb'ring hut,

Lodg'd

Lodg'd by the careful peasants, I awake,  
 Insensible to knowledge of my state. 260

The direful tidings from Carystus rouse  
 My friends; Nicanor to my father's home  
 Transports me. Ling'ring, torpid I consum'd  
 Sev'n moons successive; when too vig'rous youth  
 Recall'd my strength and memory to curse 265  
 Health, sense, and thought. My rashness would  
 have fought

Cleora ev'n in Oreus, there have fac'd  
 The homicide her fire; forbid, with-held,  
 Nicanor I deputed. When I march'd  
 To bid thee welcome, on the way I met 270  
 That friend return'd—Persist, my falt'ring tongue,  
 Rehearse his tidings; pitying Heav'n may close  
 Thy narrative in death—The Sacian slave  
 Produc'd Cleora to her savage fire;  
 So fame reports, all Oreus so believes. 275

But this is trivial to the tragic scene



Which all beheld. Her hand the tyrant doom'd  
 To Mindarus, a Persian lord, the chief  
 Of his auxiliar guard; but she refus'd,  
 And own'd our union, which her pregnant fruit 280  
 Of love too well confirm'd. The monster, blind  
 With mad'ning fury, instantly decreed  
 That deadliest poison through those beauteous lips  
 Should choak the springs of life. My weeping friend  
 Saw her pale reliques on the fun'ral pyre. 285  
 I am not mad—ev'n that relief the gods  
 Deny me. All my story I have told,  
 Been accurate on horror to provoke  
 The stroke of death, yet live. . . Thou must, exclaims  
 The chief, humanely artful, thou must live; 290  
 Without thy help I never can avenge  
 On Demonax thy wrongs. Ha! cries the youth,  
 Art thou resolv'd to lift thy potent arm  
 Against the murd'rer? Yes, th' Athenian said,  
 I will do more, thy virtue will uphold, 295  
 Whose

48 THE ATHENAID. Book XII.

Whose perseverance through such floods of woe  
 Could wade to bid me welcome. Gen'rous youth,  
 Trust to the man whom myriads ne'er withstood,  
 Who towns from ruin can to greatness raise,  
 Can humble fortune, force her fickle hand 300  
 To render up the victim she hath mark'd  
 For shame and sorrow, force her to entwine  
 With her own finger a triumphant wreath  
 To deck his brow. Themistocles, who drives  
 Despair and desolation from the streets 305  
 Of fall'n Eretria, and from eastern bonds  
 Afflicted Greece at Salamis preserv'd;  
 He will thy genius to his native pow'rs  
 Restore; will make thee master of revenge  
 For thy own wrongs; to glorious action guide 310  
 Thy manly steps, redressing, as they tread,  
 The wrongs of others. Not the gracious voice  
 Of Juno, speaking comfort from her shrine,  
 Not from his tripod Jove's prophetic feed,  
 Imparting

Imparting counsel through his Pythian maid, 315

Not Jove himself, from Dodonæan groves,

By oracles of promise could have sooth'd

This young, but most distinguish'd of mankind

Among the wretched, as the well-wrought strain

Of thy heart-searching policy, expert 320

Themistocles, like some well-practis'd son

Of learn'd Machaon, o'er a patient's wound

Compassionate, but cool, who ne'er permits

His own sensation to control his art.

But, said th' Athenian, soldiers must refresh, 325

As well as fast, nor keep incessant watch.

They quit the temple. In the dwelling nigh

Deep-musing Hyacinthus lightly tastes

The light repast. On matted tufts they stretch

Their weary'd limbs. Themistocles had arm'd

With elevated thoughts his pupil's mind, 331



Which foils at intervals despair. His eyes  
 The transient palm of sleep would often seal,  
 But oft in dreams his dear espous'd he sees,  
 A livid spectre; an empoison'd cup 335  
 She holds, and weeps—then vanishes. Revenge,  
 In bloody fandals and a dusky pall,  
 Succeeds. Her stature growing, as he gaz'd,  
 Reveals a glory, beaming round her head;  
 A sword she brandishes, the awful sword 340  
 Which Nemesis unsheathes on crimes. He sees  
 Connubial Juno's image from the base  
 Descend, and, pointing with its marble hand,  
 Before him glide. A sudden shout of war,  
 The yell of death, Carystian banners wav'd, 345  
 An apparition of himself in arms,  
 Stir ev'ry sense. The dreadful tumult ends;  
 The headless trunk of Demonax in gore  
 He views in transport. Instantly his couch  
 Shoots forth in laurels, vaulting o'er his head; 350  
 The

Book XII. THE ATHENAID. 51

The walls are hung with trophies. Juno comes,  
No longer marble, but the queen of heav'n,  
Clad in resplendency divine. She leads  
Cleora, now to perfect bloom restor'd,  
Who, beck'ning, opens to th' enraptur'd eye 355  
Of Hyacinthus, doating on the charm,  
Her breast of snow; whence pure ambrosial milk  
Allures an infant from an amber cloud,  
Who stoops, and round her neck maternal clings.  
He to embrace them striving, wak'd and lost 360  
Th' endearing picture of illusive air,  
But wak'd compos'd. His mantle he assum'd,  
To Juno's statue trod, and thus unlock'd  
His pious breast: O goddess! though thy smile,  
Which I acknowledge for the hours of bliss 365  
I once possess'd, a brief, exhausted term,  
Could not protect me from malignant fate,  
Lo! prostrate fall'n before thee, I complain  
No more. My soul shall struggle with despair;

52 THE ATHENAID. Book XII.

Nor shall the furies drag me to the grave. 370

Thou punishment dost threaten to the crime,

Which hath defac'd my happiness on earth ;

Themistocles, my patron, is thy boon,

Who will fulfil thy menace. I believe,

There is a place hereafter to admit 375

Such purity as hers, whose blisful hand

Thou didst bestow—I lost—I know my days

With all their evils of duration short ;

I am not conscious of a black misdeed,

Which should exclude me from the seat of rest, 380

And therefore wait in pious hope; that soon

Shall Hyacinthus find his wife and child

With them to dwell forever. He concludes,

Regains the chamber, and Aurora shines. 384

*End of the Twelfth Book.*



THE  
ATHENAI D.

BOOK the THIRTEENTH.

WHEN Hyacinthus first his couch forsook  
Themistocles in care had follow'd close,  
But secretly had noted well the pray'r  
To Juno sent, and part approving, part  
Condemning, heard. Accoutr'd now in mail, 5  
The young Carystian, to his list'ning friend,  
Relates the wonders of his recent dream.

Th' Athenian, while most cordial in the care  
Of Hyacinthus, whom his woes endear'd,

54 THE ATHENAID. Book XIII.

Still weigh'd his use. This answer he devis'd 10  
To ease the grief he pitied, and preserve  
The worth essential to his own designs.

What thou hast told, Carystian, fires my breast ;  
It was a signal, by Saturnia held  
To animate thy rage, and prompt thy arm 15  
To action. She requires not, goddess wife,  
Humiliation, scorns the sluggish mind,  
Whose thoughts are creeping to Elysian rest.  
They hush no throbs of anguish, while it rends  
The mangled heartstrings, no not more than staunch  
A bleeding wound, or quench a fever's flame. 21  
We earn Elysium, and our evils here  
Surmount, alike by action. Manly toil  
Repels despair. Endurance of a storm,  
Which rocks the vessel, marches long and swift,  
A river pass'd, while enemies in front 26  
By whirls of javelins chase the rapid ford,  
A rampart

Book. XIII. THE ATHENAID. 55

A rampart scal'd, the forcing of a camp,  
Are cures of sorrow. In her vision clear  
So did heav'n's empress intimate this morn. 30  
Me too she visited in sleep; her voice  
My waking thoughts confirm'd; Cleora lives;  
Else why the goddess thus: Arise, O son  
Of Neocles, of this afflicted youth  
Be thou sure guide to rescue his espous'd; 35  
The profanation of my rites chastise.

The fiction wraps in credulous delight  
The young Carystian's confidence, who feels  
Circean magic from his patron's eye,  
His tongue, and gesture. He, quick-sighted, turns  
To swift advantage his delusion thus: 41

Come, let me try thy vigour; I am bound  
To neighb'ring Styra; fly before thy friend;  
Among that gen'rous people, who, their all,



56 THE ATHENAID. Book XIII.

Two gallies sent to Salamis, proclaim 45  
 Themistocles approaches. Like a dart,  
 Lanc'd from the sinews of a Parthian's arm,  
 Without reply th' inspir'd Carystian flew,  
 Cas'd as he was in steel. Meantime the chief  
 Salutes his Attic and Laconian bands; 50  
 His captivating presence both enjoy,  
 Which else no eye most piercing might discern,  
 Not ev'n the hundred never-sleeping lights,  
 Which on the margin of her parent flood  
 Incessant watch'd the progeny transform'd 55  
 Of Inachus, the Argive watry god;  
 Where undistinguish'd in the grazing herd  
 His daughter wept, nor he that daughter knew  
 A speechless suppliant. Recommenc'd, the march  
 Exhausts the day. Beneath a holy roof, 60  
 Which rose to Ceres, they their shelter'd limbs  
 To rest and food resign. There gently swell'd  
 Th' encircling ground, whence fair the morning  
 smil'd

On

Book XIII. THE ATHENAID. 57

On little Styra, who, no queen superb  
Of wide dominion, like a rural nymph 65

In decency of garb, and native locks,  
Her humble circuit not unlovely shews.

She from Athenian boundaries of old  
Her first inhabitants deriv'd, and pours

Her sons now forth Themistocles to greet, 70  
Their eldest parent's hero. Lampon bold

Accosts him: Me the weak, but willing hand  
Of Styra late enabled to enrol

My name with thine, unconquerable son  
Of Neocles. Though feeble is her sword, 75  
Her sinews boast of Attic vigour still.

Oh! that her means were equal to her love,  
A lib'ral welcome thou and these should find;  
But yon Geræstian oligarchy, foe

To equity and freedom, from our meads 80

Have newly swept our plenty. Ardent here,  
Themistocles: By heav'n, my Styrian host,

58 THE ATHENAID. Book XIII.

Not thrice shall day illuminate your skies,  
 Ere double measure shall these petty lords  
 Repay to Styra. I am come to crush 85  
 Their usurpation, in Geræstus fix  
 Her ancient laws, and rouse her martial race  
 Against the Persian, and the Persian's friends.  
 Array thy force. Tomorrow's early sun  
 Shall see us march, and ere his second noon 90  
 The bird of Athens shall her talons lift  
 Against the walls of these presumptuous thieves.

They have no walls, Eudemus takes the word,  
 A righteous, brave Geræstian, exil'd late,  
 By hospitable Styra late receiv'd. 95  
 A forest thick surrounds them, which affords  
 One scanty passage; but the ax and bill,  
 Apply'd with vigour, soon will open ways.  
 Sev'n hundred natives can Geræstus arm,  
 Who will not fight to rivet on their necks 100  
 A galling



A galling yoke more fast. The whole defence,  
 Our oligarchal tyrants have to boast,  
 Are poor Barbarians, scarce three hundred strong,  
 Sav'd from the wrecks of those advent'rous ships,  
 Which round Eubœa's rude Capharean cape 105  
 Had been detach'd thy navy to surround  
 In Artemisium's conflict. Now apart  
 Themistocles to Hyacinthus spake,  
 While in his care he lodg'd a casket seal'd,  
 Which held the talent promis'd to his fire: 110

This for thy father; tell him, I require  
 The stipulated bands' immediate march;  
 I wish to see them under thy command.  
 Thou know'st Diana's celebrated fane  
 At Amarynthus; if thou canst, young friend, 115  
 Be there before me. Pleas'd, the youth departs.

As in excursion from their waxen homes  
 A hive's industrious populace obey

The tinkling sound, which summons all to swarm;  
 So, when the trumpet's well-known voice proclaims  
 To arms, the Styrians, round the banner'd staff, 121  
 Which Lampon rais'd, are gather'd. There enjoin'd  
 To reassemble at a stated hour,  
 Their clinking armour in their homes they cleanse;  
 They whet their spears and falchions to chastise 125  
 Geræstian rapine. Ere the morning breaks,  
 Four hundred join Themistocles. He bends  
 To Amarynthus, seat of Dian pure,  
 His rapid course. Her edifice sublime,  
 Which overtops her consecrated bow'r, 130  
 The second noon discovers. Just arriv'd,  
 Carystian helmets round the temple shine,  
 By Hyacinthus and Nicanor led,  
 Joint captains. Staid Nicanor was the friend  
 Return'd from Oreus, who the tidings brought 135  
 Of poor Cleora's fate. 'Th' Athenian hails  
 The young commander: Gladly do I find

Thy

Thy speed surpassing mine; but swift explain,  
Who is the priestess in this pure abode?

Then Hyacinthus: She, Eudora nam'd, 140  
For sanctity of manners, rank and birth,  
Through this well-people'd island is renown'd;  
Authority her hand-maid. Her rich fane  
With sumptuous off'rings shines; the wealthiest  
towns

Her intercession at the thrones of heav'n 145  
Obsequious court, and dread her brow severe.  
Of elevated stature, awful port,  
She from Briareus, worshipp'd in our walls,  
Proud origin derives. She twangs the bow,  
The javelin lances through the tusky boar, 150  
Chac'd o'er the temple's wide domain of wood;  
Tall nymphs attend her, while the eyes abash'd  
Of her own vassals shun her stately step.  
Ah! couldst thou win her favour! . . . Haste, replies

The



62. THE ATHENAID. Book XIII.

The ready chief, to great Eudora say, 155  
Themistocles of Athens humbly sues  
To kiss the border of her hallow'd stole.

He calls ; the martial harness from his limbs  
Attentive slaves unclasp ; ablution pure  
From limpid streams effaces ev'ry stain 160  
Of his laborious march ; a chlamys flows  
Loose from his shoulders. Casting from his brow  
The plumed casque, uncover'd he ascends  
The massy steps of that stupendous fane.  
In admiration of the glories there, 165  
Through cedar valves, on argent hinges pois'd,  
He passes, where his own distinguish'd form  
No ornament excells. In gold the shapes  
Of wreaths and garlands, crescents, stars, and suns,  
Hung round the columns ; on the pavement broad,  
Engraven tripods, vases, statues, busts 171  
Of burnish'd brass and silver were dispos'd,

In

In graceful order. Pictures, where the lips  
 Seem speaking, limbs to act, and looks express  
 The various passions, which in varying hues 175  
 Exalt the human aspect, or degrade,  
 Enrich the walls. Orion writhes his bulk,  
 Transfix'd by arrows from th' insulted queen  
 Of chastity. Devour'd by rav'nous hounds,  
 His own, Actæon's metamorphos'd head 180  
 Reclines in blood his newly-branching horns.  
 Unbid by Æneus to th' Ætolian feast,  
 There on her vengeful Calydonian boar  
 Looks Phœbe down, while red her crescent darts  
 A flame of anger through disparting clouds. 185  
 Compell'd to lave her violated limbs,  
 Disrob'd Calisto on the fountain's brink  
 There weeps in vain her virgin vow profan'd.  
 Here deeds of Mercy smile. Appeas'd, the queen  
 Folds in the mantle of a silver mist 190  
 Pale Iphigenia, from the holy knife

\*

At

At Aulis wafts, and substitutes the doe  
 A full-atoning victim. Here she quits  
 Her Tauric dome, unhospitably stain'd  
 With blood of strangers. O'er th' entrusted keel,  
 Of sad Orestes, who her image bears, 196  
 To chase the Furies from his haunted couch,  
 A guardian bland she hovers. Through its length  
 Magnificent the midmost isle conveys  
 The terminating sight, where deep and wide 200  
 A luminous recess, half-circling, shews  
 Pilasters chisell'd, and a sumptuous freeze.  
 An elevated pavement, yet below  
 The sight, whose level skims a surface broad  
 Of marble green, sustains the goddess form 205  
 In Parian whiteness, emblem of her state,  
 In height five cubits. Purity severe  
 O'er shades her beauty. Elegantly group'd  
 Without confusion, dryads, oreads round,  
 With nymphs of lakes and fountains fill the space.

Lo!



Book XIII. THE ATHENAID. 65

Lo! not unlike the deity she serves, 211  
Eudora stands before her, and accosts  
Th' advancing hero thus : I trust, thy soul  
Some great, some righteous enterprize conceives  
Else nothing less might justify the din 215  
Of arms around me, and these banners proud  
Fix'd in my presence on religious ground  
Inviolably sacred. I would know,  
Themistocles, thy purpose. He one knee  
Obsequious bends ; his lips approach the hem 220  
Of her pontific robe, nor she forbids.

He then replied: I should not have besought  
Thy condescension, priestess, had my soul  
Less than a righteous enterprize conceiv'd,  
Deserving sanction from thy holy, pure, 225  
All-influencing wisdom ; to thy feet  
I bring my standard, and my sword devote  
Spontaneous to thy service. While I cast

My

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My wond'ring eyes on this enrich'd abode,  
 On thee, its chief embellishment, and know 230  
 That impious neighbours in Geræstus rule,  
 Foul pillagers and miscreants, horror thrills  
 Thy foldier's bosom ; from a town oppress'd  
 Them to extirpate his vindictive arm  
 Themistocles exalts. Eudora look'd 235  
 Applauding : Go, and prosper, she rejoin'd ;  
 Of this attentive piety, O chief,  
 Whom glory crowns, thou never shalt repent !

Dismiss'd, he rested ; under twilight grey  
 Renew'd his course. Meridian Phœbus view'd 240  
 Compact battalions from their shields and helms  
 Shoot flames of terror on Geræstian woods.  
 A guard was station'd, where the narrow path  
 Gave entrance ; thither Hyacinthus led  
 A chosen troop, and fierce in accent spake : 245

Train'd

Train'd to an oar, vile remnants of a wreck,  
 Drop, ye Barbarian vagabonds, those arms  
 From your ignoble, mercenary hands ;  
 Th' invincible Themistocles requires  
 Immediate passage. Dubious paus'd their chief,  
 A low Pamphylian rower. In contempt 251  
 From his inverted spear a pond'rous blow  
 The youth discharg'd, removing all suspense.  
 Prone fell the ruffian, like the victim beast,  
 Stunn'd by a brawny sacrificer's blow, 255  
 Before an altar's fire. His troop disperse.  
 The Styrians active, by the prudent son  
 Of Neocles instructed, beat the wood,  
 Wielding the bill and ax in wary dread  
 Of ambush. No resistance checks the march ; 260  
 The speeding legion penetrates the shades ;  
 Thence rushing dreadful on Geræstus spreads  
 A blaze of steel. So fiery sparks, conceal'd  
 Long in some ancient mansion's girding beam,  
 There



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There gath'ring force unseen, a passage break  
For conflagration to devour a town. 266

Eudemus joins Themistocles, and thus :  
Behold, our miscreant oligarchy rest  
On supplication, now their sole defence ;  
The injur'd people follow ; hear the cry 270  
Of imprecation. Sev'n flagitious men,  
By rapine, lust, and homicide deform'd,  
Those olive boughs profaning by their touch,  
Come to pollute thy presence. They approach,  
To whom th' Athenian, stern in visage, spake : 275

Ye little tyrants, who in crimes aspire  
To emulate the greatest, do ye come  
To render up your persons? else expect  
That populace to seize you, and a pile  
Of stones to crush your execrable heads. 280

He

He turns away. The fife and trumpet sound;  
The sev'n surrender mute; Eudemus glad  
Secures them, giv'n to Styra's band in charge.

Reviv'd Geræstus to her public place,  
Which heretofore the people wont to fill 285  
In free assembly, as her guardian god  
Receives the Attic hero. All the way  
He passes, curses on the tyrants heap'd  
He list'ning hears, from children for their fires,  
From wives for husbands, mothers for their sons,  
The various victims of unlawful pow'r. 291  
Dishonour'd damsels, early robb'd of fame,  
An orphan train, of heritage despoil'd,  
Indignant husbands, of their wives depriv'd,  
Their joint upbraidings sound. By all the gods,  
Th' Athenian bitterly sarcastic spake, 296  
Black spirits, your fertility in vice  
Deserves my wonder; in this narrow spot

You are distinguish'd in the sight of heav'n  
 By multifarious crimes above the king, 300  
 Who hath all Asia for his ample range.  
 Be not offended, my Geræstian friends ;  
 Ere I restore your franchise I will try  
 If chains and dungeons can allay these flames  
 Of unexampled wickedness. Thou hear'st, 305  
 Eudemus. Now, Geræstians, you are free.  
 Elect Eudemus archon ; of the wealth,  
 Those wretches gather'd, part to public use,  
 To suff'ers part distribute. I demand  
 But this requital ; you have felt the woes 310  
 Of tyranny ; obtaining from my hand  
 Redress, that hand enable to preserve  
 The liberty of others ; Greece demands  
 From you that succour, which this happy day  
 She hath by me imparted. He withdraws 315  
 From acclamations and assenting hearts  
 To give Eudemus counsel. Night is spent.

He



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He swiftly back to Amarynthus flies ;  
Each tyrant follows ; from his dungeon drawn,  
The fun, spectator of his chains and shame, 320  
He dreads ; in horror, conscious of his guilt,  
He shrinks at day like Cerberus, when dragg'd  
By Hercules from hell. Th' accepted chief,  
His captives ranging in Eudora's fight,  
Unfolds their dire variety of crimes, 325  
Left to her sentence ; awful she decides :

He, who oppresses, who enslaves mankind,  
Himself should feel enthrallment, shame and stripes.  
Let these to some fell traficker in slaves  
Be sold, transported in remotest climes 330  
To witness Greek severity on vice ;  
So by my voice should Xerxes be condemn'd ;  
So shall the monster Demonax. The means  
I find, Themistocles, in thee. Elate  
To hear this great, authoritative dame, 335  
The

The chief replies : Thy mandate is my law,  
Thy equity is mine. Her stately brow  
Unbending, she concisely questions thus :

How shall Eudora's favour mark thy worth ?  
Thy blessing grant, he answers, well appris'd, 340  
That asking little best attains to all.

I may do more, she said ; thy ripen'd thoughts  
Impart hereafter ; my extent of aid  
Diana must determine. Now farewell. 344

He press'd no further, tow'rd's Carystus turn'd  
His march, and reach'd her portals, while the sun  
Wanted three hours to finish his career.

There was a temple to Briareus built,  
The son of Titan. In th' enormous shrine  
His image vast to thirty cubits rose 350  
In

Book XIII. THE ATHENAID. 73

In darkeſt marble. Terror, thick with curls  
O'erlaid the forehead, thick th' engraven beard  
The ſpacious cheſt o'erſhadow'd; fifty ſhields,  
As many maces of refulgent braſs  
The hundred hands upheld. Broad ſteps around 355  
The pedeaſtal aſcended, that before  
Th' outſtretch'd Titanian feet religious fear  
Accumulated off'rings might diſpoſe,  
So to propitiate the tremendous god.

In ſingle ſtate before this image ſtood 360  
Nicomachus, the archon, to receive  
His ſon triumphant with Cecropia's chief.  
They now had paſs'd th' expanded gates, and ſlow  
Approach'd the ſhrine in military pomp  
Along th' extenſive iſle. The walls and dome 365  
Replied to fifes and trumpets, to the clink  
Of manacles and fetters, piercing ſound,  
Which told the wearer's guilt. Till now unmark'd,



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A figure, grim and ghastly, from the crowd  
 Darts, and a poniard plunging in the breast 370  
 Of old Nicomachus, himself ascends  
 The pedestal, and lifting his red steel  
 On high, between the god's gigantic feet  
 Intrepid takes his station. Terror dims  
 Each gazing eye; th' illusive medium swells 375  
 His size; in fancy'd magnitude he tow'rs  
 Another son of Titan. As he stands  
 Intent to speak, Themistocles, alone  
 Of all th' assembly master of himself,  
 Cool gives a sign, when thus th' assassin speaks, 380  
 In phrase barbaric, and a soften'd look:

I am that Oxus, whom suspicion marks  
 A traitor to Cleora. Mistress dear,  
 (At this a torrent gushes from his eyes)  
 Thou knew'st me faithful. Listen, gracious lord,  
 Thou tend'rest consort of the tend'rest wife, 386  
 O Hyacinthus!

O Hyacinthus ! listen to my tale,  
 Thou too wilt own me faithful : On the night,  
 Thy first of absence from Cleora's bed,  
 No more thy love to bless, assassins forc'd 390  
 Kind Glaucè's dwelling ; me they bound ; my voice  
 They barr'd ; the priestess and her blameless maids  
 They strangled. Mounted on a rapid steed  
 One bore Cleora ; two, robust and fell,  
 Were my unretiring guards. Through trackless  
 woods 395

Not far we journey'd ; Demonax was near,  
 Just march'd to waste Eretria's neighb'ring land.  
 Conducting me to loneliest shades, my guides  
 Remain'd a while conferring. One, I knew,  
 Was Dacus, Dacus whom thy fire preferr'd 400  
 In trust to all his menials. Words like these  
 He utter'd : ' Thus Nicomachus enjoin'd ;  
 ' Transporting Oxus to obscurest wilds,  
 ' Destroy, conceal him there. Access by night

' To Demonax obtain ; by earnest suit 405  
 ' From him exact a promise to declare,  
 ' That Oxus brought his daughter, then set free  
 ' Was sent rewarded to his Sacian home.  
 ' Receive the gold proclaim'd ; depart. Be sure  
 ' No other name, than Oxus, pass your lips.' 410

This said, they gor'd me with repeated wounds ;  
 I sunk before them ; they believ'd me dead.  
 Deep in a pit, o'ergrown with brambles thick,  
 They left me. Woodmen, haply passing, heard  
 My piercing groans ; in pity to a hut 415  
 They bore me ; herbs medicinal, and time,  
 Restor'd my strength. His garment he unfolds,  
 'The crimson horrors of his num'rous scars  
 To shew. Carystians, I my vital breath  
 Among the Saces on the Caspian drew. 420  
 A Genius dwells, a native in the lake,  
 Who, in his function rising from the deep,

\*

Reveals



Book XIII. THE ATHENAID. 77

Reveals foul murder. Purple are his wings,  
His hue is jet, a diamond his eye,  
His hair is inextinguishable flame. 425

Whatever man, his visitation warns,  
Neglects to right the dead, he haunts, he drives  
To horrid frenzy. On a whirlwind borne,  
To me in momentary flight he came,  
In terrors clad uncommon; o'er my couch 430  
His clatt'ring pinions shook. His mandate high  
I have obey'd, the foulest murderer slain.

Now, mistress dear, sole object of my zeal,  
Where'er thou art, if fleeting on some cloud  
A bright aerial spirit; if below 435  
Among the Genii of the earth, or seas,  
Dost trace the caves, where shine carbuncles pure,  
Or pluck the coral in cerulean grotts,  
'Thy faithful slave shall follow, still perform  
With his accustom'd vigilance thy will. 440

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This said, he struck the poniard through his breast,  
The blows repeating till he pierc'd the heart,  
Then on the crimson'd pedestal reclin'd  
His dying limbs, nor groan'd. What thoughts were  
thine,

Nicomachus! To thee are open'd wide 445

Death's portals; cold thy blood begins to flow.

An injur'd son beside thee strives to doubt

That he, who gave him being, now descends

To sure damnation for so black a crime;

But thou remov'st all doubt. Thy sister's ghost 450

Before thee seems to glide, and point thy way

To Erebus; Briareus' hundred hands

To brandish serpents, lashing from his fane

A fordid, grovelling parricide to hell.

At length, amid confession of thy guilt, 455

The furies snatch thee from the light of heav'n

To that eternal gloom. The fainting limbs

Of Hyacinthus forth Nicanor bears.

Religious

Book XIII. THE ATHENAID. 79

Religious dread beholds the shrine impure  
With homicide ; nor knows, what man, what god  
Must be consulted, or what rite perform'd 461  
To purge from deeds thus ominous the fane ;  
Till recollection prompts a sudden hope,  
That wise, and great, and favour'd from above,  
Themistocles may succour—He is gone. 465  
In double consternation all disperse.  
Night drops her curtain on the sleepless town.

*End of the Thirteenth Book.*



## THE

## A T H E N A I D.

## BOOK the FOURTEENTH.

**B**RIGHT morning sheds no gladness on the face  
 Of pale Ceryneus, who, 'n visions fram'd  
 By superstitious fear, all night had seen  
 Briareus lift his hundred hands to crush  
 His fane polluted, from the base to rend 5  
 Each pillar'd mass, and hurl the fragments huge  
 Against her tow'rs. Anon is terror chang'd  
 To wonder, which consoles her. Through her gates,  
 Amid the lustre of meridian day,  
 In slow procession, solemnly advance 10  
 A hundred

Book XIV. THE ATHENAID. 81

A hundred youths in spotless tunics white,  
Sustaining argent wands. A vig'rous band  
Of sacerdotal servitors succeed,  
Who draw by turns the silver-graven shape  
Of Dian lofty on a wheeling stage 15  
Of artificial verdure. Virgins tall  
A guard surround her, each in flowing snow  
Of raiment, gather'd in a rosy knot  
Above one knee. They tread in sandals white,  
O'erlac'd by roseate bands; behind their necks 20  
Of lilly's hue depend their quivers full;  
Hands, which can string their tough and pond'rous  
bows,  
Eyes, darting beams severe, discover strength  
Unbroke by wedlock, hearts by love untam'd;  
Soft light the silver crescents on their heads 25  
Diffuse. Eudora follows in her car;  
Across her shoulders hangs a quiver large;  
Full-fac'd, a crystal moon illumines her hair.

Penthesilea's Amazonian arm

Had scarce the nerves to bend Eudora's bow. 30

Her port, her aspect, fascinate the sight;

Before her, passing, tow'rs and temples seem

To sink below her level; she becomes

The single object eminent; her neck,

Her arms, the vestment shuts from view prophane; 35

Low as her feet descends the sacred stole.

Eight purple-harness'd steeds of milky hue,

Her axle draw. Before her footstool sits

The vanquisher of Xerxes; to the reins

Of argent lustre his obsequious hand 40

Themistocles applies. A hundred guards

In burnish'd steel, and plumes like ridges new

Of winter's fleeces, not unmartial rank'd

Behind her wheels; the city's widest space

They reach. To all the people, swarming round,

In awful state the priestess thus began: 46

Impiety



Book XIV. THE ATHENAID. 83

Impiety and parricide, which spilt  
In Juno's fight her servant Glaucè's blood,  
Your god, by double homicide profan'd,  
May well dismay Carystus. Lo! I come, 50  
Afflicted city, in thy day of woe  
Both to propitiate and conciliate heav'n.  
Learn first, no off'ring of a hundred bulls,  
Not clouds of incense, nor exhausted stores  
Of richest wine can moderate his wrath, 55  
Which visits children for the fire's offence,  
And desolates whole nations for the crimes  
Of kings and chiefs; unless by double zeal,  
By violence of virtue man disarm  
The jealous thunderer. Happy is your lot; 60  
The capital offender still survives;  
On him inflicted vengeance by your hands,  
Men of Carystus, will from Jove regain,  
And multiply his blessings on yourselves,  
Your sons and daughters. Swear then, old and young,

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Swear all before the fresh-polluted shrine; 66  
 Ere you remove the carnage from that fane,  
 Unite your valour by a gen'ral oath,  
 That you will strengthen this Athenian's arm,  
 Whom I from Dian, in the awful name 70  
 Of all the gods and goddeffes, adjure  
 To quell the monster Demonax, by heav'n,  
 By earth detested, parricide and scourge  
 Tyrannic o'er Eubœa. At these words  
 She fix'd an arrow in her mighty bow; 75  
 Then rising, said; against an impious head  
 Incens'd Diana thus her war declares.

A cloud, low-hanging, instant by the force  
 Of springing wind a boreal course began  
 Tow'rd's Oreus; thither bent Eudora's eye. 80  
 Swift from her founding string through folds obscure  
 Of that thick vapour, as it fleets away,  
 The arrow imperceptibly descends

To

Book XIV. THE ATHENAID. 85

To earth. Fortuitous a sulph'rous spark  
Flash'd from the cloud. A prodigy! exclaim'd 85  
Themistocles; the holy shaft is chang'd  
To Jove's own bolt, and points the forked flame  
On Demonax. Swear, swear, the people shout;  
A gen'ral exhortation rends the cope  
Ethereal. Prompted by the subtil voice 90  
Of her prevailing counsellor, again  
Eudora solemn: You for once, my friends,  
Must supersede the strictness of your laws.  
Though Hyacinthus has not reach'd the date,  
Prescrib'd to those who wield the rule supreme, 95  
Elect him archon. Gallant, injur'd youth,  
Sage, pious, him Diana best approves,  
Him her unerring counsels will inspire.  
Me too, her priestess, in your need she lends;  
I will promulge the sacred oath to all; 100  
I from pollution will your town redeem.

Unanimous



Unanimous consent is heard. Her car  
 She leaves. Before Briareus, in her words,  
 Sons, fathers, youth and age, enlist their spears.

Meantime th' Athenian to Nicanor's home 105  
 Reforts. He passes to the chamber sad,  
 Whence Hyacinthus utters these complaints:

Dost thou, Nicanor, parallel with mine  
 The Œdipean horrors, or the pangs  
 Felt by the race of Pelops, and deserv'd? 110  
 Thus wouldst thou waken patience in a breast,  
 Which feels affliction, far surpassing theirs,  
 Feels undeserv'd affliction? Whom, O Jove!  
 By error, lust, or malice have I wrong'd?  
 Cut short my bloom—torment me here no more.  
 Let Rhadamanthus instantly decide, 116  
 If with Cleora I must taste of bliss,  
 Or with a father drink eternal woe.

Here

Book XIV. THE ATHENAID. 87

Here for a murder'd wife my eyes to stream  
Shall never cease; and—execrable fire! 120  
Not grief, but all which furies can excite,  
Rage, detestation, horror I must feel  
For thee, my origin of life—what life!  
Yet, O thou spirit damn'd, the wretch thy son,  
The wretch, a father's cruelty hath made, 125  
Perhaps might spare a tear—but Glaucè's ghost,  
Thy righteous, hallow'd sister's ghost, forbids  
One drop of pity on thy pains to fall—  
She shrieks aloud, curse, curse thy father's dust.

Themistocles now enter'd. At his look, 130  
Which carry'd strange ascendancy, a spell  
Controlling nature, was the youth abash'd;  
As if his just sensations were a shame,  
Or his complaints to reach that hero's ear  
Were criminal. He falt'ring spake: Thou god 135  
Of Hyacinthus! passion thou dost awe;  
Thy presence humbles frenzy and despair.

No,

No, thy own manly fortitude alone  
 Shall chase despair and frenzy from thy breast,  
 Serene Themistocles reply'd: Arise, 140  
 Thou new-created archon; private cares  
 To interfere with public, neither men  
 Nor gods allow, nor justice, nor the sense  
 Of thy own wrongs. Young friend, the noble toil  
 Of mind and body in this righteous cause 145  
 Will give thee rank with heroes. Thou assist,  
 Nicanor; share the glory. By the hand  
 He led the passive youth. The people met  
 Their young, their honour'd magistrate in joy;  
 Eudora bless'd them; then in solemn zeal 150  
 The purifying rites perform'd, and left  
 Reviv'd Carystus. To her holy seat,  
 While on the way her goddess radiant shone,  
 Themistocles attended; then by dawn  
 Back to Eretria swiftly press'd his march. 155

Not



Not Æolus, the king of winds, could still  
 Their gust, nor Neptune smooth his troubled waves,  
 Nor Jove the raging thunderbolt compose  
 More, than divine Themistocles had tam'd  
 Oppression, terror, anguish and despair. 160  
 This had Geræstus in her evil day,  
 The panic-aw'd Carystians this had prov'd,  
 Not less than sad Eretria. Her he finds  
 Rejoicing, like some widow late forlorn,  
 Who in the house of mourning with a train 165  
 Of pining orphans destitute had bin  
 But by a hand beneficent uprais'd,  
 Ungirds the humble sackcloth from her loins,  
 Nor longer sprinkles ashes on her head,  
 Amid reviving plenty. Such the change 170  
 Among the Eretrians, through the copious aid  
 Sicinus lent, within Chalcidic walls  
 Still sedulous abiding. Ev'ry face  
 The gladd'ning touch of rosy-tinctur'd health  
 Illumines.

Illumines. Now from ruins clear'd, the streets  
 By stable feet of passengers are trod; 176  
 Th' impending season's turbulence to foil,  
 Works, under Cleon's and Tifander's eye  
 Begun, the vig'rous populace, inspir'd  
 By their protector's presence, now pursue 180  
 With industry to match the beaver breed  
 Laborious and sagacious, who construct  
 By native art their mansions, to repel  
 Congealing air, and hoary drifts of snow  
 In winter's harsh domains. From day to day 185  
 The toil continued. Early on a morn  
 A stranger came, in body all deform'd,  
 In look oblique, but keen; an eastern garb  
 Enwrapp'd his limbs distorted; from his tongue  
 Fell barb'rous accents. He address'd the chief 190  
 In Grecian phrase, which falter'd on his tongue:

I am a Tyrian trafficker in slaves;  
 Returning home from Libya, have been forc'd

By

Book XIV. THE ATHENAID. 91

By dang'rous winds to this Eubœan coast  
For shelter. Watching for a friendly gale, 195  
I learn'd from fame, that, warrior, thou dost wield  
A sword which prospers, and its captives dooms  
To servitude. Themistocles commands  
The sev'n Geræstian tyrants from his ship,  
Where at the bottom they had gnash'd their teeth  
In chains unslacken'd. To the merchant then : 201

Without a price these miscreants from our climes  
Remove, the farthest hence will best repay  
The obligation. For a master chuse  
The most ferocious savage on the wilds 205  
Of horrid Scythia, or the Caspian bound.

Secure conductors he appoints, a band  
To chain them fast aboard. Each irksome step  
They count in curses. O'er Eubœa lost,  
Not as their native region, but the seat 210  
Of



Of pow'r and crimes triumphantly enjoy'd,  
 They weep, still criminal in tears. But soon,  
 When from the harbour distance had obscur'd,  
 The well-row'd bark, the fetters from their limbs  
 The merchant orders, who, another tone, 215  
 Another mien assuming, thus began :

Geræstian lords, redemption you derive  
 From Demonax of Oreus. Me the first  
 Among his council, Lamachus by name,  
 He sent to practice on the wily chief 220  
 Of Athens, wiles which undermine his own.

They land at Dium, thence to Oreus march;  
 Where Demonax admits them, as he sat  
 In secret council : ' Your disasters known  
 ' Obtain'd our instant succour. What intends 225  
 ' Themistocles ? ' This answer is return'd.

Book XIV. THE ATHENAID. 93

Not less, great prince, Themistocles intends  
Than thy destruction. Of Eretrian blood  
All who survive, Geræstus, Styra join  
Against thy throne. Carystus from her walls 230  
Will pour battalions, by Eudora fir'd.  
The Amarynthian priestess hath declar'd  
War in Diana's name. The lab'ring hind  
Will quit the furrow; shepherds from their flocks,  
Youths from their sport, the keeper from his herd  
Will run to arms at her commanding voice, 236  
So prevalent the sound. The tyrant turns  
To Mindarus the Persian: Let us march  
Swift to destroy the serpent in his egg.

To him the Persian: Demonax forgets, 240  
That winter's rigour chills the soldier's blood.  
Dost thou not hear the tempest, while it howls  
Around us? Ev'n Mardonius active, bold,  
Now rests in covert of Thessalian roofs,

Nor.

Nor fights with nature. Shall my gen'ral hear  
 That I conduct the race of hottest climes 246  
 In freezing rain and whirlwinds to assail  
 A strong-wall'd town, protected by a chief  
 For valour, skill, and stratagem renown'd,  
 With all th' unsparing elements his guard? 250

Again the tyrant: Mindarus, confine  
 Thy Asiatics, till the roses bud;  
 While I, in howling storms, in damps, or frost  
 Will head my own Eubœans. Heav'n forbid!  
 The wary Lamachus subjoins: My lord, 255  
 Repose no trust without thy foreign bands  
 In these new subjects. Gods! th' alluring guile  
 Of that Athenian would dissolve thy ranks,  
 To his own hostile banner would seduce  
 Half thy battalions. Demonax again: 260

Then policy with policy shall war.  
 Among th' Eretrians publish, from their hands



This virulent Athenian I require  
Bound and deliver'd to my will; their wives,  
Their children else, late captives of my sword, 265  
Shall from their state of servitude be dragg'd  
To bleed th' immediate victims of my wrath.

Then Mindarus: Should great Mardonius hear,  
That I such inhumanity permit,  
He would exert his full monarchal pow'r, 270  
My guilty limbs condemning to a cross.

In fury foaming, Demonax exclaims:  
I am betray'd. Thee, Mindarus, the son  
Of that stern prince, who laid Eretria waste,  
Thee Xerxes, future sov'reign of the world, 275  
Appointed my supporter; in this isle  
That I, a branch from his imperial root,  
Might grow a splendid vassal of his throne.  
My cause, his service, now thy heart disowns,  
Perverse

Perverse thy sword abandons. Of my friends 280  
 Thou best requited, most ingrate! Preferr'd  
 Once to have been my son, of treasures vast  
 The destin'd heir, my successor in sway,  
 Dost thou desert me, and protect my foes?  
 But to Mardonius, to the mighty king, 285  
 I will accuse thee. By th' infernal pow'rs  
 Themistocles hath gain'd thee; or thou fear'st  
 To face that captain on the field of war.

His breast the Persian striking, thus in tears:  
 Dost thou recall thy parricide to wound 290  
 My inmost bosom? though another held  
 My dear Cleora by the holiest ties,  
 I would have struggled with despairing love;  
 But sink o'erwhelm'd by horror of that deed,  
 Which, blasting such perfection, calls on heav'n  
 For punishment unbounded. If thou fall'st, 296  
 It is the hand of Horomazes weighs

To

Book XIV. THE ATHENAID. 97

To earth a body overcharg'd with guilt.

Dost thou upbraid me, undeserving man,

Forgetting recent service? Who restor'd 300

Thy scepter lost? what captain hath reduc'd

Orobia, Dium, half Eubœa's towns,

But Mindarus? He these atchievements past

Regrets, but while appointed by his prince

Will urge his duty to accomplish new. 305

Then come the season for a warrior's toil,

Themistocles shall see my banner guide

Twelve thousand spears; shall see my early sword

To gen'ral battle, or to single fight,

Defy th' experience of his pow'rful arm. 310

He said, and left the council. All withdrew

But Lamachus. 'The tiger, when escap'd,

Or fell hyæna from an eager chace

Of dogs and hunters, feels not more dismay,

Mix'd with a thirst insatiate of revenge, 315



Than shook the monster Demonax, who thus  
 To Lamachus : Insulted and controul'd  
 By an audacious stranger, do I rule  
 In Oreus longer ? By a poison'd draught,  
 Or midnight poniard Mindarus shall die. 320  
 Ariobarzanes, second in command,  
 Will serve me best. The counsellor subjoins :

If secret poison, or a midnight blow  
 Would remedy the grievance, I would try  
 Their instant operation ; but reflect, 325  
 Twelve thousand warriors, masters of thy fate,  
 Who love their gen'ral living, on his death  
 Might prove too harsh inquisitors. At least  
 His courage use once more on open foes ;  
 A valiant leader makes the foldier brave ; 330  
 So have we found in Mindarus. Reserve  
 Assassination for a greater mark,  
 Themistocles. The tyrant quick : Proclaim  
 Five golden talents on his head the price.

Discreet,

Discreet, though wicked, Lamachus again: 335  
 Wouldst thou incense all Greece, whose navy rules  
 The main? Howe'er triumphant in the field,  
 No timely help Mardonius could extend.

The genius of Themistocles, the nymph  
 Of Salamis indignant by his side, 340  
 Would range from state to state. Their loud alarm  
 Would send the whole confederated fleet  
 Before the earliest breezes of the spring  
 To pour vindictive myriads on our coast. 344

Then what our doom? No, Demonax, my lord,  
 These sev'n Geræstians, while thy recent grace  
 Transports their minds, and blows the embers hot  
 Of rage at recent insult, let us league  
 Against this formidable man by oaths  
 Before the furies in their neighb'ring cave. 350

Thyself be present. Yes, the monster said,  
 I will be present, though Cleora's ghost  
 Be there, and that vile produce, which disgrac'd

Her virgin zone! Remembrance of his guilt,  
 He rous'd to strengthen fury and revenge. 355

There was a cavern in the bowels deep  
 Of naked rock by Oreus, where the stern  
 Eumenides possess'd a dusky shrine,  
 And frown'd in direful idols from the time  
 That Titan's offspring o'er Eubœa reign'd 360  
 The enemies of Jove. Around it slept  
 A stagnant water, overarch'd by yews,  
 Growth immemorial, which forbade the winds  
 E'er to disturb the melancholy pool.  
 To this, the fabled residence abhorr'd 365  
 Of hell-sprung beings, Demonax, himself,  
 Predominating dæmon of the place,  
 Conducts the sev'n assassins. There no priest  
 Officiates; single there, as Charon grim,  
 A boatman wafts them to the cavern's mouth. 370  
 They enter, fenc'd in armour; down the black  
 Descent,



Descent, o'er moist and lubricated stone,  
 They tread unstable. Night's impurest birds  
 With noisome wings each loathing visage beat;  
 Of each the shudd'ring flesh through plated steel  
 By slimy efts, and clinging snakes is chill'd; 376  
 Cold, creeping toads beset th' infected way.

Now at the cave's extremity obscene  
 They reach the sisters three, tremendous forms,  
 Of huge, mishapen size. Alecto there, 380

Tisiphoné, Megæra, on their fronts  
 Display their scorpion curls; within their grasp  
 Their serpents writh'd. Before them sulph'rous fires  
 In vases broad, antiquity's rude toil,  
 To render horror visible, diffus'd 385

Such light, as hell affords. Beside a chasm,  
 'Whose bottom blind credulity confin'd  
 By Tartarus alone, with trembling feet  
 Stood Lamachus, the wicked and deform'd.  
 An ewe, in dye like ebony, he gor'd; 390

The dark abyfs receiv'd a purple ſtream.  
 Next to the dire conſpirators he held  
 A veſſel; o'er the brim their naked arms  
 They ſtretch'd; he pierc'd the veins; th' enve-  
 nom'd blood,

A fit libation mix'd for hell, he pour'd 395  
 Down the deep cleft; then falt'ring, half diſmay'd  
 At his own rites, began: Ye injur'd men,  
 Of wealth and honours violently ſpoil'd,  
 Implacably condemn'd to bonds and rods  
 By insolent Themistocles, before 400  
 Theſe dreadful goddeſſes you ſwear; his death  
 You vow, by every means revenge can prompt,  
 In ſecret ambuſh, or in open fight,  
 By day, by night, with poiſon, ſword, or fire;  
 Elſe on your heads you imprecate the wrath 405  
 Of theſe inexorable pow'rs. They ſwore.

Meantime the object of their impious oaths,  
 Whate'er his future deſtiny, enjoy'd

The

Book XIV. THE ATHENAID. 103

The comforts which Eretria now partook  
Through him, so justly her preserver styl'd; 410  
While thus reflection whisper'd to his heart:

This Aristides would delight to see,  
For this commend his rival. Though my soul  
Knows that in quest of glory for this port  
I spread th' advent'rous sail, yet sweeter far 415  
She feels that glory, since a gallant race,  
Snatch'd from the gripe of misery and death  
By her exalted faculties, become  
Her means of pow'r and greatness. I confess,  
An act like this my rival would achieve, 420  
Nor other motive seek, than acting well.  
Perhaps with more attention to myself,  
More sudden, more complete is my success.

Lo! in his view Sicinus, just arriv'd 424  
From Chalcis. Him his joyful lord thus hail'd:



We have been long afunder; welcome thrice,  
 Thou long expected; on thy brow I see  
 Intelligence. To whom the faithful man:

One moon I spent in Chalcis; I address'd  
 Nearchus first, of Chares, slain in fight 430  
 At Artemisium, successor approv'd  
 To lead his country's banners. He rejoic'd  
 In thy arrival; not so frank in joy  
 Timoxenus the archon. On the day  
 Of my return that hesitating chief, 435  
 While invitation to his roof he gave,  
 Was dreading thy acceptance. But supreme  
 O'er him, and all his house, a daughter sways,  
 In beauty's full meridian left to mourn  
 The loss of Chares on her widow'd bed. 440  
 Not thy Timothea, not Cleander's spouse  
 Træzene's wonder, not Sandauce young,  
 Not Medon's sister of th' Oetæan hill,  
 Though

Book XIV. THE ATHENAID. 105

Though beauteous like the goddesses she serves,  
Exceed Acanthè; she may almost vye 445  
With Amarantha's celebrated form,  
The pride of Delphian Timon! To behold  
The conqueror of Xerxes is her wish.

The hero thought a moment; soon resolv'd,  
He spake: The car, the mantle, Sparta's gifts, 450  
The gems from Ariabignes won that day,  
When at my feet his proud tiara bow'd,  
Provide by dawn. Retire we now to rest.

*End of the Fourteenth Book.*

THE

## A T H E N A I D.

## BOOK the FIFTEENTH.

NOW dimm'd by vapours, frequent in his track,  
 The twelfth division of his annual round

The sun is ent'ring. Long hath vernal bloom,

Hath summer's prime from thy descriptive lays,

O Muse! withdrawn; and now the aged year 5

Its last remains of beauty hath resign'd;

Transparent azure of autumnal skies

Is chang'd to mist, the air serene to storms.

But inspiration from th' imagin'd balm

Of spring, or summer's warmth, enrich'd by sweets

From



Book XV. THE ATHENAID. 107

From flow'ry beds, and myrtles' fragrant bow'rs, 11  
Thou dost not want; then bid thy numbers roll  
In cadence deep to imitate the voice  
Of boist'rous winter in his mantle hoar.

All night by rude Hippotades the air 15  
Tormented round the foaming harbour wheel'd;  
Each mast was pliant to the raging gust,  
The mooring cable groan'd. Long slept the son  
Of Neocles, unvisited by care,  
Till, as the hours attendant on the morn 20  
Had just unclos'd the orient gate of day,  
He starts. Acanthè, who controuls her fire,  
His active fancy pictures on his mind  
Thus pond'ring: Dear Timothea, yet less dear  
Than pow'r and fame acquir'd by saving Greece,  
Without Chalcidic aid thy husband's hope 26  
Is meer abortion. Chalcis must be gain'd  
Best, Aristides, by the purest means,

But well by any. Swift his inner garb  
Of softest wool thick-woven he assumes, 30

Of finer texture than a scarlet vest;

O'er these, in dye of violet's deep hue,

His Spartan mantle negligently waves.

A golden tissue with a crimson plume,

To fence his manly temples and adorn, 35

He wears. His car is ready; ready wait

Th' Eretrian people, his conducting guard

To Chalcis not remote. The sounding way

Is hard and hoar; crystalline dew congeal'd

Hath tipt the spiry grass; the waters, bound 40

In sluggish ice, transparency have lost;

No flock is bleating on the rigid lawn,

No rural pipe attunes th' inclement air;

No youths and damsels trip the choral round

Beneath bare oaks, whose frost-incrusted boughs 45

Drop chilling shadows; icicles invest

The banks of rills, which, grating harsh in strife

With

With winter's fetters, to their dreary sides  
 No passenger invite. The cautious chief  
 In fight of Chalcis to their homes dismiss'd 50  
 The whole Eretrian number, but retain'd  
 His hundred Attic and Laconian friends:  
 He pass'd the gate before expiring day.

Sicinus, staid forerunner, not unknown  
 By residence in Chalcis, publish'd loud 55  
 His lord's approach. The citizens in throngs  
 Salute the celebrated man. His gates  
 Timoxenus the archon throws abroad,  
 And, true to hospitality, prepares  
 For his distinguish'd, though unwelcome guest, 60  
 Her lib'ral rites. Themistocles he leads  
 To share a banquet in a sumptuous hall,  
 Where stands divine Acanthè. Is there wife,  
 Or maid, or widow'd matron, now in Greece,  
 Who would not all her ornaments assume 65



To welcome this known favour of the Greeks  
 Where'er he passes ? As the queen of heav'n  
 In dazzling dress to match her goddess form,  
 Grac'd by the zone of Cytherea, met  
 Th' Olympian king on Ida ; brilliant thus 70  
 Acanthè greets Themistocles. Mature  
 In manhood he, nor bord'ring on decline,  
 The ornamental cov'ring from his head  
 Lifts in obeisance ; careless curls releas'd,  
 Thick overshadowing his forehead high, 75  
 Present a rival to the Phidian front  
 Of Jupiter at Pisa. With a look,  
 Which summon'd all his talents, all his mind  
 To view, he blends a sweetness, nature's gift,  
 But heighten'd now by energy of wiles, 80  
 Alluring wiles, to melt the proudest fair.  
 In his approach he moves the genuine fire  
 Of all the Graces on Acanthè's hand  
 To print his lips. Invited by that hand,

Close

Book XV. THE ATHENAID. 111

Close to her lovely side of her alone 85

He sits observant, while the rich repast

Continu'd. Soon his vigilance perceiv'd,

That her unfated ear devour'd his words,

That from her lip an equal spell enthrall'd

Her doating father, who adoring view'd 90

Minerva in Acanthè. Now withdrawn

Was all attendance, when the daughter thus :

O first of men, sole grace of each abode

Where thou art present, fortunate are those

Who saw thy actions, fortunate who hear 95

The bare narration ; happier still those ears,

Which from thy mouth can treasure in the mind

A full impresson of the glorious tale !

Forgive a woman, whom thy manners tempt

To sue—if yet thy gentleness should deem 100

Too curious, too importunate her suit,

Thy host Timoxenus at least indulge,

That

That o'er his festive hall th' achievements high,  
 Which Salamis and Artemisium saw,  
 Though now but whisper'd from thy gracious lips,  
 May sound hereafter loud. The wily chief, 106  
 Ne'er disinclin'd to celebrate his deeds,  
 Now to this lovely auditress, whose aid  
 His further fame requir'd, a tale began,  
 Where elegance of thought, and paint of words, 110  
 Embellish'd truth beyond her native guise,  
 In various lengthen'd texture of discourse,  
 A web of pleasing wonders to ensnare  
 The hearer's heart. Till midnight he pursues  
 A strain like magic to the list'ning fair; 115  
 Nor yet his thread to Salamis had reach'd,  
 Extended fine for many sweet repasts  
 To her inflam'd desire of hearing more.

Timoxenus at length to due repose  
 Imparts the signal; they disperse. Her guest 120  
 Delights



Delights Acanthè's pillow ; but her fire  
In care lies anxious, left the season rude  
Detain that guest, and fatal umbrage give  
To Demonax terrific. Morn and eve  
Return. Acanthè drinks the pleasing stream 125  
Of eloquence exhaustless in its flow,  
Whose draughts repeated but augment her thirst.

Now in description's animating gloss  
The various scenes at Salamis exalt  
The fair one's mind. The Attic wives and maids  
She emulates in wish, and sees in thought 131  
Their beauteous ranks inspiring youth and age  
To battle ; now the tumult rude of Mars,  
The crashing oars, the bloody-streaming decks  
Chill her soft bosom ; now that snowy feat 135  
Of gen'rous pity heaves ; her azure eyes  
Melt o'er Sandauce, in her years of bloom  
Disconsolately widow'd, and transpierc'd

By

114 THE ATHENAID. Book XV.

By death-like horror at her children doom'd  
 To savage Bacchus. Here the artful man 140  
 Dwells on his own humanity, but hides  
 The stratagem, which policy, not dimm'd  
 By his compassion, on compassion built,  
 When to her freedom he restor'd the fair,  
 Who blameless help'd his artifice to drive 145  
 From Greece her royal brother. To the worth  
 Of Artamanes tribute just he pays.  
 His own reception by the Spartan state  
 He colours high, the public chariot giv'n,  
 The purple mantle, and the coursers proud, 150  
 Deriv'd from those, who won th' Olympian wreath  
 For Demaratus ; but omits to speak,  
 How, while seducing vanity misled  
 His steps so far from Athens, she conferr'd  
 The naval guidance on Xanthippus brave, 155  
 And rule supreme on Aristides just.

Th'

Th' ensnaring story, to this period drawn,  
 While sev'n nocturnal rounds the planets ran,  
 Possesses all Acanthè, but disturbs  
 Her timid father, trembling at the pow'r 165  
 Of Demonax; yet fondness oft would smile  
 On her delight. The evening which succeeds  
 Themistocles, in fiction mix'd with truth,  
 Not to Acanthè, but his host, began :

Accompany'd from Sparta by the flow'r 165  
 Of her illustrious citizens I gain'd  
 Her borders, there indignant was appris'd,  
 That Demonax, whom heretofore I chac'd  
 From Oreus, now by Persian arms restor'd,  
 Was trampling on Eubœa. Vengeance fir'd 170  
 My spirit ; fifty of the Spartan troop  
 At once became associates of my zeal,  
 With fifty nobles more of Attic blood.  
 My full stor'd vessels at Eretria's port

From



116 THE ATHENAID. Book XV.

From Sunium's cape arriv'd. He now unfolds 175

The wond'rous series of his recent deeds.

What divers passions, sweet Acanthè, rise

In thy attentive, gen'rous mind? What sighs

Do Hyacinthus and Cleora wake,

What horror black Nicomachus, what joy 180

Reviv'd Eretria, and Geræstus freed,

What admiration great Eudora's state,

What rev'rence good Tifander's sacred locks,

What detestation Demonax accurs'd?

Behold me here, Themistocles concludes, 185

Who list in Athens' and Laconia's name,

A guardian shield o'er Chalcis. But thy sword,

Offensive drawn, shall utterly confound

The homicide thy neighbour. Ah! replies

Timoxenus, alarm'd, thou little know'st 190

The might of Oreus. Demonax can range

Twelve thousand warriors cull'd from Alia's host,

Of train'd Eubœan youth and light-arm'd slaves

A multitude

A multitude innum'rous on the plain.  
 His own exactions, and the Persian's boons, 195  
 O'erload his treasure. When the annual fun  
 In his new course three monthly terms hath fill'd,  
 Expect Mardonius from Theffalia's bounds  
 On Greece to pour invafion. Ah ! what help,  
 Should we exchange tranquillity for war, 200  
 From her own wants could Attica fupply,  
 What Lacedæmon?—Cool th' Athenian here :

Weigh well the grace your Polyphemus dy'd  
 In carnage grants, referving for his laft,  
 Moft precious morfel, your Chalcidian wealth. 205  
 Shall this rich manfion, casket to a gem  
 Which none can value (earnest here he caught  
 Acanthè's earnest look) fhall this abode  
 Feel pillage, infult, which my fhudd'ring mind  
 Scarce dares to think, from that defpoiler's hand,  
 Who, fcourging half Eubœa, in this hour 211  
 Dreads

Dreads thee, great archon? Murderer, who cut  
 His own Cleora's thread in early bloom,  
 He trembles now, Timoxenus, at thee,  
 O blest'd of parents, blessing such a child 215  
 As thy Acanthè; he thy vengeance dreads,  
 O paragon of fathers, dreads thy sword  
 Unsheath'd with mine. Presumption I disclaim,  
 Or want of def'rence to the wise like thee.  
 Accept this roll; contemplate there the force 220  
 Of Amarynthus, of Carystus large,  
 Geræstus and Eretria; add the spears  
 Of Delphian Timon, of that hero fam'd,  
 Oïlean Medon, who my signal watch  
 From Atalantè's isle. Remote the time 225  
 For action; then deliberate. I wait  
 Without impatience thy resolves mature.

Retir'd, Acanthè, whose enlighten'd mind  
 Was blest'd with native talents, as her form

†

With



Book XV. THE ATHERNAID 119

With beauty, strives a while in reason's scale 230  
To weigh th' importance of this high attempt  
Propos'd; when something whispers, canst thou doubt  
Themistocles a moment? Can his sword  
Do less, than conquer? Where the pow'ful arm,  
The valour, where the policy to vie 235  
With him, whose faculties no man can reach,  
No god raise higher? These conceptions prove  
A guide to fancy half the sleepless night  
Through all th' enchanting scenery of thought,  
Which recollection of his brilliant deeds, 240  
His courage, might, humanity, and grace,  
His gentle manners, and majestic frame,  
Exhibits lovely, dazzling and sublime  
To melt her softness, and her wisdom blind.  
Envelop'd now by slumber, in a dream, 245  
Which overleaps all measur'd time and space,  
She sees the laurell'd hero, as return'd  
From subjugated Oreus. On his spear

The

The gory head of Demonax he bears.  
 Her yet untainted purity of heart, 250  
 Which in sincerity of grief had mourn'd  
 Cleora's fate, applauds the just award  
 By Nemesis and Themis on the guilt  
 Of parricide. Her nobleness of soul  
 Enjoys the blessings which Eubœa reaps 255  
 From such a conquest; but no vision kind  
 Would interpose a warning to allay  
 Excess of transport at the conqu'ror's fight.

From fair Acanthè's own retreat at night  
 A well-embellish'd gallery's long range 260  
 Bounds on the splendid chamber, which admits  
 Themistocles to rest. Acanthè here,  
 When magisterial duties from his home  
 Her father call'd, had entertain'd the guest  
 By morn, and feasted all and every morn 265  
 On rich profusion of his Attic words.

The

The sun was ris'n, and summon'd from her couch  
To this accustom'd interview the fair.

Not meeting straight the object of her search,  
As each preceding morn, she feels a pain, 270  
That he is absent. With a voice though low  
His chamber sounds; to listen she disdains,  
Back to her own by delicacy led.

In cautious tones Sicinus with his lord  
Was thus discoursing: In my wonted walk, 275  
To watch events since thy arrival here,  
I met Nearchus. Haste, he said, apprise  
Themistocles that long ere op'ning day  
His potent friends Timoxenus conven'd,  
Heads of his faction. They refuse to arm. 280  
Some, I suspect, are tainted by the gold  
Of Demonax; the major part in all  
Obey the timid archon. I have strength,  
Which, when Themistocles commands, shall try



To force compliance from the coward's breast ; 285  
 But would Acanthè, noble dame, espouse  
 The glorious cause, her prevalence could guide  
 His doating fondness, and controul his fears.

Enough, replies Themistocles. Again  
 The learned tutor, fervent and sincere : 290

If thy persuasive eloquence could win  
 Her noble spirit to direct her fire,  
 It would be well. But, O resistless man,  
 Let thy persuasion moderate its charm ;  
 Let not a gen'rous lady's peace of mind 295  
 Become the victim of her winning guest ;  
 The laws of hospitality revere.  
 Remember too the hymeneal vow,  
 Remember thy Timothea, fair and kind,  
 Who bore those children, pupils of my care ; 300  
 She now in Athens at thy absence pines.

Misjudging friend, Timothea never pines,  
 When I am urging my career of fame,  
 Returns the chief. Eubœans must be freed.  
 She shall know all, and knowing will commend.  
 Go, charge Nearchus to suppress all thought 306  
 Of violence; his valour shall have scope,  
 Dy'd in Barbarian, not in civil blood.

Thus he, well-caution'd that in Chalcis pow'r  
 Aristocratic, both in wealth and strength, 310  
 Out-weigh'd the people. Then a splendid gem,  
 Of all his spoils the richest, he selects,  
 And from his chamber o'er the sounding plank,  
 Which floors the echoing gallery, proceeds.  
 Behold Acanthè; not the orient sky 315  
 Forth from its amber gates in summer's prime  
 The goddess-widow of Tithonus sends  
 More fragrant, nor in blushes more to charm.  
 A new emotion heaves her gentle breast

Of swelling snow. Th' Athenian distant, mute 320  
 Remains. To speak, her hesitating lips  
 Awhile, though prompted by her heart, delay ;  
 When, shap'd by chance, this elegant request  
 Flows from her unpremeditated thoughts :

So much oblig'd already, courteous guest, 325  
 By thy narration, I have cause to blush  
 While I solicit a recital new  
 Of one exploit, distinguish'd from the rest,  
 When Ariabignes fell before thy sword  
 In fight of Greece. Themistocles requir'd 330  
 No repetition of the flatt'ring suit,  
 But in transcendent energy of style,  
 Impress'd the bright achievement on her mind  
 More deep, than ev'n by novelty before.

Thus he concluded : Doubly now I blest 335  
 Th' auspicious hour when my successful hand  
 Despoil'd



Despoil'd the bravest chief in Asia's host  
 Of this, my humble off'ring to adorn  
 The fairest head in Greece. He said, the gem  
 Presenting graceful, which she turn'd aside, 340  
 Rejecting not the giver, but the gift;  
 And answer'd thus: To heaps of richest gems,  
 To all the tribute pour'd at Persia's throne,  
 Thy words alone, thy converse I prefer.

Her look perusing earnest, he proceeds: 345  
 Dost thou refuse a token of regard  
 From one, thy hospitable hand hath bless'd  
 Beyond th' expression of his grateful tongue?  
 When, at this hour departing, he again  
 Perhaps may ne'er behold thee—Ah! depart! 350  
 She in unguarded consternation sighs.

Th' Athenian here in seeming sadness thus:  
 Alas! thy father, I too surely know,

Will never join my arms ; can I remain  
 Till this fair city, populous and rich, 355  
 This mansion, thy inestimable worth  
 Become the prey of Demonax—This heav'n  
 Will ne'er permit, she eagerly replies ;  
 Thou wilt protect me—Guardian to distress,  
 Thou wilt not hurry to desert a friend, 360  
 Whose hospitable kindness thou hast prais'd.  
 Fill, fill with pow'rful argument the mouth  
 Of me thy suppliant for another week ;  
 My words Timoxenus regards . . . The chief  
 By interruption sooths her troubled mind : 365

I came to save thee. If another week  
 Thou wilt employ . . . I will, I will, she said,  
 Do thou but stay ; my father I will bind  
 To thee, whom victory can ne'er forsake.

They part ; his chamber he regains ; not long  
 He meditates. Acanthè grants her aid 371

Spontaneous.

Spontaneous. Now to elevate her soul  
 By dignity of thought, and gen'rous hope  
 Of glory, purchas'd by a noble deed,  
 He thus contrives: On tablets fair and large, 375  
 For her deportment tow'rs a doating fire,  
 His ready style instruction copious draws,  
 Clos'd in these words: ' Among the guardians  
 heav'n

' To Greece hath destin'd, an exalted mind  
 ' Enrolls Acanthè; let her constant feet 380  
 ' Pursue her leading genius; grateful flow'rs  
 ' Before her steps shall freed Eubœa strew;  
 ' The brightest laurels shall Minerva chuse  
 ' Among the groves of Athens, to entwine  
 ' The first of women with immortal wreaths; 385  
 ' The Muses all shall triumph in their sex;  
 ' A double rapture Æschylus shall feel,  
 ' Who, fam'd in martial action, as in song,

G 4 ' Shall



' Shall celebrate Acanthè.' To her hand  
This by discreet Sicinus is convey'd. 390

Day after day the fair-one, as inspir'd,  
Now forcibly persuasive, now in tears  
Of importuning tenderness, affails  
A parent fond. She penetrates his heart ;  
His resolution melts ; at length his fears 395  
To her superior guidance yield the rein.

Meantime, instructed by their chief, the train  
Of Spartans and Athenians, all dispers'd  
Around the hospitable town, proclaim,  
To list'ning ears, the well-advis'd design 400  
Against the tyrant Demonax. Not long  
Acanthè's purpose is unknown, divulg'd  
By vigilant Sicinus ; while each mind  
Among th' applauding populace is warm'd,  
Who venerate her name. Among the chiefs 405

The

The archon's weighty approbation known,  
 Hath banish'd doubt; in council they decide  
 To march with great Themistocles. Light fame  
 Mounts on her wings, and through Eubœa sounds  
 The preparations ardent. Shields and spears, 410  
 Swords, corselets, helms new furbish'd, banners old  
 Produc'd, which gallant ancestry had wav'd,  
 Youth now commences, ripen'd age renews  
 The exercise of arms. Nearchus loud  
 Extols Themistocles. Like glorious Mars 415  
 From his first trophies on Phlegræan fields  
 Among encircling brethren of the sky,  
 Who from his sword perpetual conquest hop'd,  
 The Salaminian victor is rever'd  
 In Chalcis. Daily, hourly he surveys 420  
 The martial toil. Acanthè's presence aids;  
 His prudence leads her through these active scenes;  
 He talks on military themes alone,  
 And pictures freedom trampling on the necks

Of tyrants and Barbarians. This at length 425  
Might have abated in a virtuous breast  
The flame, his guilty policy had rais'd;  
But fate and black conspiracy forbid.

*End of the Fifteenth Book.*



THE

## A T H E N A I D.

## BOOK the SIXTEENTH.

**T**HAT month severe, unfolding to the sun  
 A frosty portal, whence his steeds renew  
 Their yearly round, was clos'd. O'ercome at night  
 By toil uncommon, lay th' Athenian chief  
 In early sleep profound, which early freed                   5  
 His eyes again. In suffocating fumes  
 He wakes. Upstarting, round his limbs he wraps  
 Th' external garment, and Sicinus calls,  
 Who slept not distant. He unbars a door,  
 Which shews the gallery in flames. Down sinks

The crackling floor. A main sustaining beam  
 From end to end, transverse another, stands  
 Yet unconsum'd. Lo! trembling in his view  
 Acanthè; inextinguishable flames  
 Between them rage. A moment he devotes 15  
 To eye the gulph, which menaces with death  
 Him and his hopes, in him the Grecian weal.

Would Aristides hesitate thus long  
 To save the meanest? I before me see  
 On life's last verge a creature half divine. 20

Urg'd by that thought, along the burning beam  
 He rushes swift. He catches in his arms  
 The loose-rob'd fair-one, clinging round his neck.  
 Returning, not like Orpheus, who regain'd  
 Eurydicè and lost, with matchless strength 25  
 He holds his prize above the pointed spires  
 Of fiery volumes, which on either side

Affail

Book XVI. THE ATHENAID. 133

Affail his passing steps. The son of Jove  
Not more undaunted through the livid blaze  
Of Pluto's mansion bore the victim pure 30  
Of conjugal affection back to life,  
Alcestis. Lo! Sicinus stops his feet  
In their mid course. Thy chamber flames, he cries;  
Speed o'er this traverse beam; yon open door  
Leads to a passage yet unscorch'd. He guides; 35  
The hero follows; danger here augments.  
As through a swelling tide he wades through fire,  
Which scath'd his brows, his blazing beard and hair,  
Nor spar'd the garments of his precious charge;  
Yet her unhurt through that befriending door 40  
His unrelax'd rapidity conveys.  
Of pain regardless to the public street  
He thence descends; no populace is here;  
That front vulcanian fury had not reach'd;  
The other draws the throng; confusion there 45  
Prevails,



134 THE ATHENAID. Book XVI.

Prevails, uproar and terror. On he speeds  
 Through frozen air, and falling flakes of snow,  
 Unwearied still his lovely burden holds,  
 Acanthè fainting; her uncover'd breast,  
 Unless that ringlets of her locks unbound 50  
 Let fall at times their loose and silky threads,  
 Against his cheek with marble coldness press'd.  
 At last the dwelling of Nearchus nigh  
 Affords a refuge. On a friendly bed,  
 But not of rest, Themistocles in pain 55  
 Extends his limbs; Acanthè female slaves  
 Receive and cherish. Absent is their lord,  
 Who, at the head of military files  
 In haste collected, early, but in vain  
 Had issued forth. The palace is consum'd. 60  
 Timoxenus to shelter he conducts;  
 The archon, trembling for his daughter's fate,  
 Beholds her safe, and feels no other loss.

Now

Now all salute Themistocles ; but first  
 Sicinus spake : Infernal arts have laid 65  
 Thy palace waste, Timoxenus. I saw  
 Sulphureous, glutinous materials blaze  
 Close to the chamber of my lord's repose.

From lips nigh parch'd by torture of his pains  
 Themistocles began : My earthly term 70  
 If heav'n requir'd me now to close, enough  
 I have atchiev'd to fill the trump of fame.  
 To have preserv'd thy daughter, gen'rous host,  
 Would crown my glory ! Medon is not far ;  
 Well would that chief my vacant post supply, 75  
 Were I remov'd. But, friends, my hurts are light,  
 Which common succour of Machaon's art  
 Will soon repair ; yet publish you my state  
 As dang'rous ; words and looks observe ; keen spies  
 To Oreus send. Thus caution'd, each retir'd 80  
 Except Sicinus, who address'd his lord :

Wilt

Wilt thou trust rumour in her flight at large  
 To found thy state as dang'rous? Shall a tale  
 To cozen foes, and try thy new allies,  
 Pass unrefuted to Cecropian shores, 85  
 Rive thy Timothea's bosom, grieve thy friends,  
 Dismay all Athens, and suspend that aid  
 Which she might lend thee in some adverse hour?

The hero then: O monitor expert!  
 Thou hast forestall'd me; instant will I spare 90  
 Thee to prevent such fears. Thou canst not stem  
 The vex'd Euripus. From Geræstus sail;  
 To my Timothea fly. Thy looks enquire  
 How to relate my story: Tell her all;  
 I have been faithful to my nuptial vow, 95  
 Yet have succeeded. Let th' Athenians know  
 My force and destin'd enterprize; forbear  
 Of them to crave assistance; let them act  
 As humour sways. Cleander shouldst thou meet,  
 In



In kindest greetings tell him, I should prize 100  
 Træzenian succour—To its healing folds  
 I am solicited by sleep—Farewell.

Not so Acanthè's troubles are compos'd.  
 When lenient balm of Morpheus steep'd the cares  
 Of other bosoms, in the midnight damps 105  
 She quits a thorny pillow. Half array'd,  
 With naked feet she roams a spacious floor,  
 Whence she contemplates that retreat of rest,  
 Inclosing all her wishes, hapless fair,  
 Without one hope; there stifling sighs, she melts  
 In silent tears. The sullen groan of winds, 111  
 Which shake the roof, the beating rain she hears  
 Unmov'd, nor heeds stern winter, who benumbs  
 Her tender beauties in his harsh embrace.

O Love! to vernal sweets, to summer's air, 115  
 To bow'rs, which temper sult'ry suns at noon,

Art

138 THE ATHENAID. Book XVI.

Art thou confin'd? To rills in lulling flow,  
 To flow'rs, which scent thy arbours of recess,  
 To birds, who sing of youth and soft desire?  
 All is thy empire, ev'ry season thine, 120  
 Thou universal origin of things,  
 Sole ruler, oft a tyrant. Stealing steps  
 Full frequent draw Acanthè to the door  
 Of her preserver. While he sleeps, and pain  
 Excites no groan to wound her list'ning ear, 125  
 Anxiety abates; but passion grows.  
 Then recollecting his intrepid strides  
 Through fiery surge, devouring, as he pass'd,  
 His hair majestic, wreathing round his limbs  
 In torment, which none else to save her life 130  
 Would face, or could endure, unguarded thought  
 In murm'ring transport issues from her lips.

To boundless obligation can I shew  
 Less, than unbounded gratitude—Base tongue,  
 Dar'ft

Book XVI. THE ATHENAID. 139

Dar'st thou the name of gratitude profane, 135  
Which is a virtue—Oh! thou impious flame  
Within my breast, not gratitude hath blown  
Thee from a spark to so intense a heat.  
Deprav'd Acanthè, vagabond impure  
Of night, from honour and its laws estrang'd, 140  
A robber's criminal desire of spoil.  
Thou feel'st, a rage of sacrilege to force  
The sanctuary of Hymen, and that fire,  
Which law, religion, men and gods protect,  
Quench on his altar by the hand of vice. 145

She could no more. A parting cloud reveal'd  
The moon. Before the silver light she dropp'd  
On her bare knee, enfeebled by the cold;  
There fix'd and freezing, from that awful pow'r  
Of chastity she seem'd invoking help ; 150  
When, newly-waken'd by her piercing moan,  
With sinarting limbs Themistocles had left

His



140 THE ATHENAID. Book XVI.

His pillow; keener his internal pang,  
 To see an image of despair, the work  
 Of his fallacious art. On his approach, 155  
 At once the worn remains of spirit fled  
 From her cold bosom, heaving now no more.  
 The twilight glimmers on the rear of night;  
 His painful arms uplift her from the floor,  
 And to her couch with decency of care 160  
 Commit her lifeless charms. To sense restor'd,  
 Just as the morn's exploring eye unclos'd,  
 Acanthè, faint and speechless, by a sign  
 Forbids his presence; cautious he retires.

Now she indulg'd her agonies of shame 165  
 And self-reproach. With horrid visions teem'd  
 Her agitated brain; black-rob'd despair  
 Stalk'd round her curtains, in his double grasp  
 A bloody poniard, and empoison'd bowl  
 To her sad choice upholding; but ere long 170  
 That

That thirsty, parching malady, which boils  
 The putrid blood, and ravages like fire,  
 Invades her frame. Whole days, whole nights she saw  
 A tender fire beside her pillow mourn,  
 Her beauties wasting hourly in his view. 175  
 To gentler forms delirium then would change;  
 The moon, so lately to her aid invoc'd,  
 She saw, descending from her lucid sphere,  
 Assume her shape of goddess, who inspir'd  
 A soothing thought to seek for health and peace 180  
 At her propitious oracle, not rob  
 So kind a father of his only joy.

Meantime the tidings vague of Chalcis burn'd,  
 And great Themistocles destroy'd, had fame  
 Proclaim'd aloud through each Eubœan town, 185  
 Save where Sicinus, passing to his port  
 Of embarkation, spreads a milder tale,  
 Alarming still. Eretria scarce confines

Tisander's

Tifander's falt'ring age; but Cleon thence,  
 From Styra Lampon hastes; Geræstus fends 190  
 Eudemus; Hyacinthus feels no more  
 His own distress, and rapid, as the bird  
 Of Jupiter through heav'n's aerial way,  
 Flies to his guardian friend. Eudora, skill'd  
 In healing juices, condescends to mount 195  
 Herself the sacred axle, and her state  
 Displays in Chalcis worshipping her wheels.

The archon waits respectful on her steps,  
 When she salutes th' Athenian, still recluse  
 From public view, though nigh restor'd. He bends  
 The knee before her. Him with stately grace 201  
 She raises, then addresses: Glad I see  
 Thy convalescence; to impart my help  
 Became a duty. So Diana will'd,  
 By me consulted in her solemn grove 205  
 Mysterious; where an impulse warn'd my soul,  
 That



That none, but thou, can set Eubœa free,  
Protect the temples, and her tyrant quell.

He kiss'd her sacred vestment, and replied :  
I now perceive how pow'rful are thy pray'rs. 210  
To them, so favour'd by the gods, I owe  
My preservation, which, O learn'd and wife,  
Foretells thy skill ! Ah ! since thy face hath deign'd  
To cheer this city, by a long abode  
Complete the blessing. As to ancient Troy 215  
Was that Palladian image sent from heav'n,  
Be thou to Chalcis. At thy presence known  
Pale Demonax will shrink. But first apply  
Thy lenient succour to my friend's distress,  
Whose daughter pines in sickness, and deserves 220  
Thy full regard, most holy and benign.

To sad Acanthè's couch the archon leads  
Eudora. Soon from Oreus tidings stern

Awake

Awake the native terrors in his heart;  
 In haste he greets Themistocles: O guest! 225  
 Fierce Demonax assembles all his force,  
 But first will try an embassy; expect  
 Within three days the tyrant's fell demands,  
 Which, not accepted, bring th' avenging waste  
 Of his redoubled fury on our heads. 230

Is he so poor in counsellors, began  
 Th' Athenian calm? Amid disabling storms  
 In this rough season will th' insensate brute  
 Drag to the field his Asiatic host?  
 He thinks me dead; remember thou, my friend, 235  
 Themistocles is living, nor conceive  
 The rash, disturb'd and self-tormenting breast  
 Of such a tyrant, whom the furies haunt,  
 Hath fortitude and conduct to withstand  
 Themistocles in arms. Not half-reviv'd 240  
 Subjoins the archon: Thou alas! may'st want

The

Book XVI. THE ATHENAID. 145

The brave auxiliars promis'd to thy arms ;  
To thee alike unfriendly are the storms  
Which lock our harbours ; not a bark can fail ;  
Illustrious Medon dares not plough the furge 245  
From Atalantè ; nor on Attic shores  
Of our distress can Aristides hear.

True, answers firm Themistocles, though stung,  
Nor shall we want him. Is not Cleon here,  
Nearchus, Lampon, sharers of success 250  
In my preceding conflicts ? Of no price  
Is staid Eudemus, Hyacinthus brave ?  
Is not Eudora present, sacred dame,  
Who will her face majesticall unveil  
Among confederated ranks to bless 255  
The Eleutherian banner, and inspire  
Your populace with all religion's flame ?  
Yon despicable embassy prepare  
To answer nobly, or let me be heard.  
Now to this chamber summon all my friends. 260



Timoxenus conven'd them. Swift the chief  
 Dispatch'd them ardent to their native states,  
 Thence their collected citizens in arms,  
 The guardians of Chalcidic walls, to lead.

Three days elaps'd; the embassy arriv'd. 265  
 Amid the senate, on his chair of state,  
 The archon sat. Th' Athenian's sure support  
 Behind is planted. Fierce in tone and look  
 Th' Orēan herald represents his lord :

Ye men of Chalcis, Demonax requires 270  
 That you acknowledge Xerxes; that your gates  
 A Persian garrison admit. Be wise;  
 Refusal draws perdition on your heads.

Timoxenus turns pale; his falt'ring lips  
 Make no reply. Th' indignant senate mourn 275  
 Their state dishonour'd by a timid chief,

When

When timely steps Themistocles in fight;  
Whose name is murmur'd through th' applauding  
court.

As at the aspect of a single cloud,  
Known by the trembling seaman to contain 280  
Destructive blasts, the sail he swiftly furls  
With anxious wish for shelter in the lee  
Of some still shore; the herald thus relax'd  
His alter'd features. Arrogance abash'd  
Foreboded ruin from that mighty arm, 285  
In vigour brac'd by unexpected health.  
In act to speak, the hero stretch'd his hand.  
To fear and impotent distress he seem'd  
Extending refuge like a poplar tall,  
Whose grateful branches cool the green descent  
To some pellucid fountain, where his course 291  
Th' o'erweary'd passenger suspends to flake  
His eager thirst beneath such friendly shade.

Bent to provoke the tyrant, and mislead  
 His rashness, thus Themistocles—his look 295  
 Transpierc'd the humbled herald while he spake :

Begone, base Greek, from Chalcis. In her name  
 Defiance bear to Demonax, whose head  
 Shall on the gate of Oreus be affix'd ;  
 Thine to some trafficker in slaves be sold. 309

To Oreus back th' astonish'd herald flies,  
 On whose report his impious lord incens'd  
 Blasphemes the gods. The Furies he invokes,  
 To them, a human sacrifice, devotes  
 His first Chalcidian captives. From his host 305  
 Two chosen myriads on the plain he pours.  
 Brave Mindarus, by duty to his king  
 Compell'd to service which his sword abhors,  
 Ariobarzanes, second in command,  
 Barbarian homicide, whose joy is blood, 310  
 The



The sev'n Geræstians sworn to deeds of hell,  
 With Lamachus, of foul mishapen frame,  
 Attend the tyrant, spreading to rude storms  
 His banner fell. So Satan from the north  
 Of heav'n, his region once, with Moloc grim, 315  
 Beëlzebub and Nisroc, led the host  
 Of impious angels, all the destin'd prey  
 Of Tartarus. Meanwhile th' Athenian sat  
 Serene in Chalcis; his auxiliar bands  
 Successively arriv'd. Eretria sent 320  
 Twelve hundred spears; Carystus doubled those;  
 Beneath her standard Amarynthus rang'd  
 Eudora's vassals; Styra cas'd in steel  
 Five hundred warriors tried; seven hundred more  
 Geræstus; Chalcis from her loins supplied 325  
 Four thousand youths, Nearchus was their chief.

Th' Athenian's care had trac'd the region round.  
 A level champaign tow'rds septentrion skies

Extends; its western border is the frith,  
 Whose shore is bold, and press'd by waters deep.  
 A line of anchor'd vessels, which o'erlook 331

The land, the chief disposes here; whose crews  
 Were menials, train'd to missile weapons light.  
 Full opposite, and cross the plain, he mark'd  
 A quarry, parent of the domes and tow'rs, 335  
 Exalting Chalcis o'er Eubœan towns.

The subterranean passages by all  
 Inscrutable, but lab'ring hinds, who cleave  
 Earth's marble womb, he garrisons with bands  
 From that rough breed, supported by a force 340  
 Of heavy-mail'd Chalcideans, left in charge  
 To bold Nearchus. So the watchful bees  
 Within their hive lie dangerous on guard  
 Against invasion of their precious stores,  
 Their industry and state. By morn the care 345  
 Of active scouts proclaims the adverse host  
 Not far, though yet unseen. The trumpet sounds

To

Book XVI. THE ATHENAID. 151

To fight ; Eudora mounts her car, and wields  
The arms of Dian. Through the spacious streets,  
Where under ensigns of their sev'ral states 350  
The warriors blaze in steel, from band to band  
She, by her prompter well-instructed, tow'rs  
Like new-born Pallas from the head of Jove.  
Her voice exhorts, her sentiments inspire,  
Her majesty commands them ; all are fir'd, 355  
All, but Timoxenus. With armed files  
In safe reserve, though destin'd to remain  
Behind the walls, he dreads th' important day.  
His gen'rous daughter, whose distemper'd mind  
Eudora's converse had begun to calm, 360  
Not so debas'd her thoughts ; her country's cause  
She felt ; heroic talents she admir'd ;  
Him, who possess'd them all, her heart recall'd,  
Though with abated passion. All his tale  
Of Salamis, the stratagem deriv'd 365  
From conjugal affection, from the fight



152 THE ATHENAID. Book XVI.

Of forms belov'd to animate the brave,  
 Recurr'd ; she summon'd to her languid bed  
 The most distinguish'd matrons, them besought  
 To mount the walls, and overlook the fight, 370  
 In all its terrors. Imitate, she said,  
 The Attic dames, that Chalcis may partake  
 Of Attic glory. They approving went.

O mortals, born to err, when most you sinart  
 With self-reproach on guilty passion's wound, 375  
 Attempt one act of virtue ! then your breasts  
 Will, like Acanthè's now, enjoy a calm  
 In supplication thus her wonder breaks :

Ye lights, who, shining on my darkness, deign  
 To lift the veil of error from my eyes, 380  
 Protecting pow'rs, accept Acanthè's pray'r  
 For this her native city, for a fire  
 Too kind, for great Themistocles, who draws

The

Book XVI. THE ATHENAID. 153

The sword of Justice—Now with purer lips  
I found his name—And, O illustrious dame! 385  
Of all Athenian excellence the flow'r,  
Bless'd in a hero's love, the precious gift  
Of hymeneal Juno, couldst thou know  
What I have suffer'd by an envious flame,  
What still I suffer, while remorse awakes 390  
A thought of thee, thy gen'rous soul would melt  
In pity, ev'n forgiveness, when I vow  
To ev'ry chaste divinity invok'd,  
That I will see Themistocles no more.

This victory accomplish'd, renders back 395  
Her virtue late a captive, which recalls  
Affections pure, and sanctity of mind,  
Still thoughts, and hope, restorative of peace.

But on a diff'rent victory intent  
Themistocles within Chalcidic walls 400

154 THE ATHENAID. Book XVI.

Contains his ready host ; nor means to throw  
The portals open, nor display the face  
Of battle, till the enemies in fight  
Yield full advantage in his choice of time.  
So in his deep concealment of green reeds 405  
On Ganges' margin, or the flaggy strand  
Of Niger's flood, from Æthiopia roll'd,  
The alligator vigilant maintains  
His fraudulent ambush, that unwary steps  
May bring the prey to his voracious jaws. 410

*End of the Sixteenth Book.*



THE

## A T H E N A I D.

## BOOK the SEVENTEENTH.

**S**ICINUS, long by unpropitious winds  
 Lock'd in Geræstus, to their fickle breath,  
 Half-adverse still, impatient spread the sail.  
 Six revolutions of the sun he spent  
 To gain Phaleron. To his lord's abode 5  
 He swiftly pass'd, when chance his wond'ring eyes  
 On Aristides fix'd. An open space  
 Reveal'd the hero, issuing sage commands.  
 Th' omnipotent artificer of worlds  
 From chaos seem'd with delegated pow'r 10

H 6

To

156 THE ATHENAID. Book XVII.

To have entrusted that selected man.  
 From ashes, lo! a city new ascends,  
 One winter's indefatigable toil  
 Of citizens, whose spirit unsubdu'd  
 Subdues calamity. Each visage wears 15  
 A cheerful hue, yet solemn. Through the streets  
 Successive numbers from adjacent fields  
 Drive odorous loads of plants and flow'rs,  
 Which please the manes. Amaranth and rose,  
 Fresh parsley, myrtle, and whate'er the sun, 20  
 Now not remote from Aries in his course,  
 Call'd from the quick and vegetating womb  
 Of nature green or florid, from their seats  
 Of growth are borne for pious hands to weave  
 In fun'ral chaplets. From the Grecian states, 25  
 To honour Athens, their deputed chiefs,  
 Cleander foremost, throng the public place;  
 Whence Aristides with advancing speed  
 Salutes Sicinus; Welcome is thy face,

Good

Book XVII. THE ATHENAID. 157

Good man, thou know'st; from Athens long  
estrang'd, 30

Now doubly welcome. In thy looks I read  
Important news. Retiring from the crowd,  
Swift in discourse, but full, Sicinus ran  
Through all the series of his lord's exploits,  
Which drew this question: Has thy patron ought  
To ask of Aristides? Silent bow'd 36  
Sicinus. Smiling then, the chief pursu'd:

Do thou attend the ceremonial pomp  
Of obsequies to morrow; when the slain  
At Salamis receive their just reward 40  
From us, survivors by their glorious fall.  
I have detain'd thee from Timothea long,  
The first entitled to thy grateful news.

Now to that matron, whom beyond himself  
He priz'd, Sicinus hastens. At her loom 45  
He



158 THE ATHENAID. Book XVII.

He finds her placid o'er a web, whose glow  
 Of colours rivall'd Iris. where intent  
 She wove th' atchievements of her lord. Her skill  
 Had just portray'd Sandauce in the arms  
 Of Artamanes, when her children's doom 50  
 Congeal'd her breast. Themistocles in look  
 Expresses all that subtlety humane,  
 Which cozen'd superstition of her prey ;  
 His godlike figure dignifies the work.  
 Two boys, two lovely little maids, surround 55  
 Th' illustrious artist, while their eyes pursue  
 Their mother's flying fingers in delight  
 Attentive. But their tutor once in view,  
 From absence long regretted, light with joy  
 To him they bound. Sicinus melts in tears 60  
 Of soft affection. They around him lift  
 Their gratulating voices, on his neck  
 Cling, and contend for kisses from those lips  
 Approv'd in kindness; as a flutt'ring brood

With

With chirping fondness, nature's sweetest note, 65  
Inclose their feather'd parent, who attunes  
Her tender pipe, and spreads endearing plumes.

Sicinus, cries Timothea, thou dost bring  
Auspicious tidings ; from my hero I  
Expect no less. Unaided by the state, 70  
A private man, like Hercules he went,  
In his own pow'rs confiding, and secure.  
Sit down, thou witness of my husband's worth,  
Thyself a proof of his discerning choice  
In thee, good man, by me and mine rever'd, 75  
Discreet and faithful. No, Sicinus spake,  
Thou art that proof, most faithful, most discreet,  
Most excellent of women. Come, she said,  
Suppress my praises ; let me hear of none,  
But his ; and copious let thy story flow. 80

Glad through his whole heroic theme the sage,  
By time to Attic eloquence inur'd,

Expatiates

Expatiates large; where loftiness of plan  
 Sustain'd by counsel, with exhaustless art  
 Pursu'd, now brought to valour's final proof, 85  
 Must end in sure success. His lord's commands  
 Observing strict, Acanthè's precious worth,  
 In talents, form and manners, he describes;  
 How she the aid of Chalcis had procur'd,  
 Her favour how Themistocles had won. 90

If he pursue to victory his plan,  
 Timothea said, and borrow from her hand  
 The means of glory, and the gen'ral good,  
 Tell him, that I can imitate with joy  
 Andromachè, who foster'd on her breast 95  
 Her Hector's offspring by a stol'n embrace.

Not such thy lot, sole mistress of a form  
 Match'd by perfection of the mind alone,  
 Sicinus cheerful answer'd. I attest

To



Book XVII. THE ATHENAID. 161

To this my firm belief th' all-ruling fire, 100  
Let Horomazes be his name, or Jove.

Thou giv'st me transport—Thou hast leave to  
smile,

My good Sicinus, she replies—But heav'n  
I too attest, that transport I conceive  
Less for my own, than fair Acanthè's sake. 105  
So amiably endow'd, so clear in fame,  
Her purity resigning, she, alas !  
Had prov'd the only sufferer. Woman fall'n,  
The more illustrious once, the more disgrac'd,  
Ne'er can resume her lustre. Laurels hide 110  
A hero's wanton lapse. The Greeks would bless  
The guile which serves them, but to endless shame  
The gen'rous auth'refs of that service doom.  
Thou said'st, my husband from Cleander's sword  
Solicits help ; Cleander is my guest 115  
With Aripheia ; ready in this port

His

His squadron lies; he plough'd the seas in quest  
Of earliest action for the common cause.  
Come, they are waiting for the night's repast.

She rose; Sicinus follow'd, and renew'd 120  
In Ariphilia's and Cleander's ear  
The wondrous narrative, but cautious veils  
Acanthè's love. Timothea's looks approv'd.  
He then concluded: Thus, to battle rous'd,  
The force of half Eubœa cas'd in steel 125  
Against the tyrant Demonax I left;  
But in the chace of that devouring wolf  
On thee relies Themistocles for help,  
Undaunted chief of Trœzen. He replies:

Should I withhold it, by th' immortal gods, 130  
The titles both of soldier and of friend  
Were mine no longer. Ariphilia then,

Sweet

Book XVII. THE ATHENAID. 163

Sweet as a vernal flow'r in early prime,  
A Grace in manner, Hebè in her form :

Say, gentle sage, of Delphi's rev'rend priest; 135  
Of Haliartus, and Oileus' son,  
Kind guests of mine, no tidings dost thou bear ?

He answers: Them in Atalantè's isle  
The turbulent Euripus yet confines;  
They soon, fair matron, to thy lord and mine 140  
Will add their strength and level from its base  
The tyrant's hold. Amid this converse sweet  
The warrior-poet Æschylus appears,  
A grateful visitant to all. He spake:

Fair dame, admit me, introducing men 145  
Who saw thy gallant consort yester morn  
Erecting trophies; men themselves renown'd,  
Oilean Medon, and Apollo's priest

Long



164 THE ATHENAID. Book XVII.

Long lost, whom I, unknowing of their fate,  
 Have clasp'd in transport, as Laertes' son, 150  
 When he review'd his metamorphos'd friends  
 In Circe's island to their pristine forms  
 Uprising by her charms. Timothea glad  
 Salutes the ent'ring heroes, Medon known  
 Before, Leonteus, Delphi's holy seer 155  
 With Artemisia's brother, strangers all,  
 But of deportment to command regard.

Then spake the Locrian: First of matrons, hail!  
 On Salaminian sands we parted last.  
 I have been long in Atalantè's isle 160  
 Sequester'd; but, determin'd to attend  
 The fun'ral honours which the morning pays  
 To brave Athenians slain, an hour serene  
 To cross the strait Euripus I embrac'd  
 For Chalcis. There thy consort fresh I found 165  
 In gather'd palms from Demonax o'erthrown  
 That

Book XVII. THE ATHENAID. 165

That day in battle. Hear the glorious tale,  
Which from Themistocles himself I learn'd.  
He, well-inform'd, the chiefs in either host  
Distinctly told, their history, their names, 170  
Their birth and deeds, on Hyacinthus most,  
As most esteem'd, enlarg'd. That hapless youth  
Was husband to Cleora; daughter she  
Of Demonax was poison'd by her fire.  
Survey this tablet, which before my fight 175  
Thy hero took, with readiness of skill  
Delineating the fight. Shew this, he said,  
To my Timothea, friendly thou explain.  
This part is Chalcis, this a champaign wide;  
Here flows the sea, there winds a quarry dark. 180

Conceive a river by impetuous floods  
O'erwol'n, and spread irregular, and wild,  
Beyond its bounds; tumultuous thus the foes  
At first appear'd. Expecting to surprise,  
Themselves surpris'd at unexpected bands, 185  
Through

Through open'd portals issuing to the plain,  
 Are forc'd, dishearten'd by a toilsome march,  
 To range their numbers for immediate fight.  
 The wary son of Neocles suspends  
 Th' attack, till bursting drifts of southern clouds  
 Beat on the faces of his harrafs'd foes 191  
 A storm of blinding fleet; then rushes down  
 In three deep columns. Of th' Orēan line  
 The right, which Mindarus conducting wheels  
 Along the sea's flat margin, fore is gall'd 195  
 By unremitted show'rs from bows and slings  
 On well-rang'd vessels. Lamachus commands  
 The left. Nearchus from the quarry pours  
 An ambush'd force, and breaks the hostile flank.  
 Compact of vet'rans, cull'd from ev'ry state, 200  
 That wedge of war, whose bristly front display'd  
 Athenian spears and Spartan mingling beams,  
 (Themistocles the leader) slow but sure  
 Bears down the center. At a second breach



Book XVII. THE ATHENAID. 167

The line gives way to Cleon, at a third 205

To swift Carystians. Not a life is spar'd

By wrong'd, incens'd Eretrians, not a life

By Hyacinthus, boiling with revenge

For his Cleora; while her cruel fire

Exerts a desp'rate valour to revive 210

Hope in an army spiritless by toil,

By sudden onset broken, at the name

And sight of thy Themistocles abash'd.

The rout is gen'ral. In the bloody chace

Five thousand slain the conquerors despoil. 215

Thy husband, prudent in success, preserves

Two thousand heads, all Persian, to redeem

Eretrian captives from the tyrant's bonds.

He, thus defeated, not subdu'd, retir'd

To Oreus. Pow'rful remnants of his host 220

He, draws within her circuit; furnish'd well

From boundless treasure, threatens there to hold

A firm defence, till, summon'd by the spring,

Mardonius

Mardonius quit Theffalia, and employ  
The whole confederated pow'r of Greece. 225

That threat Themistocles will render vain,  
Exults Timothea ; he unfinish'd leaves  
No toil begun. Again the Locrian chief:

Now my first duty is discharg'd ; the next  
To Aripilia from her guest is due. 230  
O soft in virtue, elegantly fair,  
Cleander's favour'd paranymp'h retains  
Thy hospitable kindness ever dear ;  
Thine too, my gallant host, by Neptune blest'd  
In his own priestess, and with brightest fame 235  
On his own floods adorn'd. The pleasing hours  
All spend in mutual gratulation sweet,  
Till for the morn's solemnity they part.

Below th' Ægalean mountain, where the king  
Of humbled Asia on his golden throne 240

Book XVII. THE ATHENAID. 169

Was seated late, spectator of his shame  
At Salamis, a level space extends  
To Neptune's border. Green Psittalia there  
Full opposite exhibits, high and large,  
A new erected trophy. Twenty masts 243  
Appear, the tallest of Phœnician pines,  
In circular position. Round their base  
Are massive anchors, rudders, yards, and oars,  
Irregularly pil'd, with beaks of brass,  
And naval sculpture from Barbarian sterns, 250  
Stupendous by confusion. Crested helms  
Above, bright mail, habergeons scal'd in gold,  
And figur'd shields along the spiry wood  
Up to th' aerial heads in order wind,  
Tremendous emblems of gigantic Mars. 255  
Spears, bristling through the intervals, uprear  
Their points obliquely; gilded staves project  
Embroider'd colours; darts and arrows hang  
In glitt'ring clusters. On the topmost height

VOL. II.

I

Th'



170 THE ATHENAID. Book XVII.

Th' imperial standard broad, from Asia won, 260  
 Blaz'd in the sun, and floated in the wind.  
 Of smooth Pentelic marble on the beach,  
 Where flow'd the brine of Salamis, a tomb  
 Insculptur'd rose. Achievements of that day  
 When Asia's navy fell, in swelling forms 265  
 Fill'd on three sides the monument. The fourth,  
 Unfinish'd, open'd to th' interior grave.

Now, through Minerva's populace, who kept  
 Religious silence, first white-vested maids,  
 Who from the strand of Salamis had seen 270  
 The patriots slain, their sepulchre approach  
 With wreaths and garlands; then of chosen youths  
 A troop, whose valour had the fight surviv'd.  
 The younger matrons, husbands ripe in age,  
 Nor less in fame, succeed. Of either sex 275  
 The elders follow. Kindred of the dead  
 Come next, their wives, their children. Urns, which  
 hold

The

Book XVII. THE ATHENAID. 171

The sacred ashes, are in open cars  
Discover'd. One close chariot is reserv'd  
For them, whose bodies fate from search conceal'd.  
Last Aristides, in his civil robe, 281  
Attracts the gazing multitude; his wheels,  
Myronides, Xanthippus, Cimon great,  
Aminias, Æschylus, and ev'ry chief  
For prowess known attend. Around the tomb  
Are plac'd the children; roses in the bud 286  
Entwine their brows; their little grasp upholds  
Green sprigs of myrtle; well instructed, all  
Refrain from weeping o'er paternal dust,  
Deposited by glory in the grave. 290  
A high tribunal Aristides mounts;  
Near him, on ev'ry side, are seats assign'd  
To strangers held in honour. Medon there,  
Leonteus, Timon, and the brother known  
Of Caria's queen, Cleander, numbers more 295  
From states ennobled in their names are seen.

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The godlike man uprises; on the tomb  
 His eyes he fixes first; their lustre mild  
 He then diffuses o'er th' assembly vast,  
 Where not a tongue is heard, nor gesture seen.  
 So through unclouded skies the argent lamp 301  
 Of Dian visits with her light benign  
 A surface broad of water, where no breeze  
 Excites a swell, nor sighs among the reeds.

Your fathers, wife and lib'ral, he began, 305  
 Appointed public obsequies to all  
 Who die in battle for the public good,  
 Ye men of Athens. Not a groan, or tear  
 Must violate their ashes. These have gain'd  
 What all should envy; these, by virtuous death,  
 The height of human excellence have reach'd, 311  
 Have found the surest path to endless joy  
 With demigods and heroes in those fields,  
 Which tyrants ne'er can enter to molest

The



Book XVII. THE ATHENAID. 173

The blissful region; but are far remov'd 315

To realms of horror, and from righteous Jove

Endure the pains they merit from mankind.

There, if retaining, as they surely must,

The memory of things belov'd on earth,

It will enhance their happiness to know 320

Their offspring cherish'd, and their wives rever'd

By grateful Athens, whom their glorious fall

Exalts, whose daughters they preserv'd from shame,

Whose sons from bonds. This bliss benignant Jove,

Who loves the patriot, never can withhold 325

From them, who little would deserve that name,

Unless those sweetest charities they feel,

Paternal cares, and conjugal esteem,

The props of public and domestic weal.

Them to defend, Athenians, to maintain 330

Inviolate your altars, tombs and laws,

Let contemplation of the present rites

Give principle new strength. Behold a foe,

Who hath profan'd your ancestors in dust.

Lo! on a cross Leonidas affix'd, 335

His patriot bones expos'd to bleaching winds

By that Barbarian, Xerxes. Kings alone,

Obtuse of mind, illiberal, the brutes

Of human nature, can devise and act

Barbarities like these. But such a foe 340

Leagues Heav'n against him. Nemesis will join

With Grecian Mars, and all her furies plant

His foot on Asia's boundaries, to shake

An impious tyrant on his native throne.

Then of the patriot dead, whose swords prepar'd

Your way to glory, and achiev'd their own, 346

This recent tomb, when dress'd in eastern spoils,

Will best delight their manes, and proclaim

To Gods and men your gratitude and arms.

He paus'd. Ægaleos echo'd to the sound 350

Of acclamation; Salamis reply'd.

But

But as the sun, when casual clouds before  
 His intercepted light have pass'd away,  
 Renews his splendour, so the righteous man  
 In eloquence and counsel thus again 355  
 Breaks forth: Xanthippus, in the gales of spring,  
 To brave the coast Barbaric you decree;  
 While, on Bœotia's plains, your phalanx meets  
 Mardonian ranks. Now hear of wond'rous acts  
 To you unknown, unpromis'd, just perform'd 360  
 By an Athenian. Winter hath not slept  
 Inactive; your Themistocles hath rous'd  
 That sluggish season by the clang of war;  
 A force creating by his matchless art, 364  
 He hath o'erthrown fierce Demonax, and coop'd  
 Within his fort. Delib'rate swift, my friends,  
 How to assist your hero; Justice calls  
 On ev'ry tongue ingenuous so to style  
 Themistocles; who wants but slender help.  
 Your skill, Athenians, in surmounting walls 370



176 THE ATHENAID. Book XVII.

Excels in Greece. Select experienc'd bands;  
 An instantaneous effort may o'erwhelm  
 Beneath the ruins of his last retreat  
 Eubœa's scourge, whose prevalence might shut  
 That granary of Athens, and transfer 375  
 To Asia's num'rous camp your needful stores.

All in applauding admiration hear  
 Disinterested virtue, which exalts  
 A rival's merit. But thy gen'rous breast,  
 To all superior in sensation high 380  
 Divine Timothea, entertains a warmth  
 Of grateful rapture in thy lord's behalf,  
 Which shines confess'd. Sicinus, at her side,  
 Condemns his lord, who nothing would request  
 Of Aristides; him, who grants unask'd, 385  
 His soul adores. Aminias, rising, spake;  
 A fearless warrior, brother to the bard,  
 Like him sincere, less polish'd, learn'd and wise,  
 By right intention more than conduct sway'd:

Who

Who can for all deliberate so well, 390  
 As Aristides singly? Let us fight;  
 But with sole pow'r of counsel and command,  
 Throughout this war's duration, by a law  
 Invest him uncontrollable. Up starts  
 The interrupting patriot, nor permits 395  
 The people's confidence in him to grow  
 In wild excess: Ne'er yet th' almighty fire  
 Created man of purity to hold  
 A trust like this. Athenians, mark my words;  
 I am your legal military chief; 400  
 If your immediate safety should require  
 An use of pow'r, unwarranted by laws,  
 I will exert it, not accept as law;  
 The censure or acquittal of my act  
 With you shall rest. At present I advise, 405  
 That from Phaleron Æschylus transport  
 Two thousand skilful vet'rans. Him the feed  
 Of Neocles approves; not less in arms

178 THE ATHENAID. Book XVII.

Than arts excelling, him your warriors prize.  
 Them, ere two monthly periods of the sun, 410  
 You cannot want. Thick verdure must invest  
 The meadows, earth her foodful stores mature,  
 Before Mardonius can his numbers lead  
 From Thessaly remote. Ere then, my friends,  
 Themistocles will conquer, and erect 415  
 Cecropia's standard on Orëan walls;  
 Your timely aid he timely will restore  
 To fill the army of united Greece.

The gen'ral voice assents, and all retire,  
 While to her home Timothea brings her guests. 420  
 To her Sicinus prudent: Not an hour,  
 Till I rejoin thy consort, should be lost.  
 She then: Most faithful, from my arm receive  
 This bracelet rich in gems, Barbaric spoil;  
 Bear this to Chalcis, to Acanthè give; 425  
 Say, how I prize her elevated mind,



Book XVII. THE ATHENAID. 179

Enabling my Themistocles to quell  
The hateful breed of tyrants. Further say,  
The man engaging her connubial hand  
I should esteem the favourite of gods. 430  
Stay; Haliartus shall the present bear.  
Thou to my lord a messenger of love  
Shalt go, Sicinus; words to thee I leave;  
My heart thou know'st. One fervent wish impart,  
That he in private, as in public ties, 435  
With Aristides may at last unite.

So spake the first of women. Trœzen's chief  
Subjoin'd: Sicinus, wait till morn; embark  
With these our friends of Atalantè's isle  
Aboard my squadron; soon will southern gales 440  
My succour waft, and jointly we proclaim  
Brave Æschylus to follow. Let us greet  
Him, who our valour into action calls  
For ev'ry chief to envy; him to clasp

180 THE ATHENAID. Book XVII.

My bosom pants, a hero, who surmounts 445

The sloth of winter while so many brave

Hang up their weapons. Aripheia heard,

Sat mute and sad. To her Timothea thus :

We, who are wives of foldiers, will remain

Together, cheerful watch for tidings dear 450

Of their achievements, and rejoice at home.

*End of the Seventeenth Book.*

THE  
 A T H E N A I D.  
 BOOK the EIGHTEENTH.

**T**HREE days transport Cleander and his friends;  
 Timoxenus admits such welcome guests,  
 Who bring new succours. From Chalcidic walls  
 Th' Athenian chief was absent. With a pace  
 Unstable yet, a calm, but languid mien, 5  
 To grace her father's board Acanthè leaves  
 Her chamber; pale, but fragrant as the rose,  
 Which bears the hue of lilies, she descends.  
 Her soon the Carian, mindful of his charge,  
 Thus with Timothea's salutation greets: 10

A costly



A costly bracelet, from her beauteous arm  
 Th' espous'd of great Themistocles unclasp'd  
 On my departure, and in words like these,  
 Of gracious tone, deliver'd to my care :  
 " Bear this to Chalcis, to Acanthè give ; 15  
 " Say how I prize her elevated mind,  
 " Enabling my Themistocles to quell  
 " The hateful breed of tyrants. Further say,  
 " The man engaging her connubial hand  
 " I should esteem the favourite of gods." 20

Timoxenus is pleas'd ; Acanthè's cheeks  
 A burning blush of perturbation feel.  
 Not soon recov'ring from a start of thought  
 At the first mention of Timothea's name,  
 She took, she kiss'd the present, and disguis'd 25  
 Her conscious trouble under busy care  
 To fix the bracelet in its lovely seat.

The

Book XVIII. THE ATHENAID. 183

The guests are plac'd around; her presence charms  
The banquet. Though the lustre of her eyes  
Grief had eclips'd and sickness, though her mouth  
Had lost the ruby tinct and pleasing flow, 31  
By melancholy silence long confin'd,  
Her gestures speak the graces of her soul.

Troezene's captain, lively as the lark  
Whose trill preludes to nature's various voice, 35  
Begins discourse: Perhaps, accomplish'd fair,  
Thou dost not know the messenger, who brought  
Timothea's present, Haliartus styl'd;  
He is deriv'd from Lygdamis, a name,  
Ionia boasts. His daughter, Caria's queen, 40  
Fam'd Artemisia, heroine of Mars,  
Calls Haliartus brother; but from Greece  
Could never alienate his truth. His sword  
From violation, in his first essay  
Against Barbarian multitudes, preserv'd 45  
Bright

Bright Amarantha, consort to the king  
 Of Macedon, more noble in her fire,  
 Who sits beside thee, Timon, Delphi's priest.  
 Then Medon: How unwilling do I check  
 Our social converse. Generous host, no tongue 50  
 Can duly praise thy hospitable roof;  
 Yet we must leave its pleasures; Time forbids  
 Our longer stay. Two thousand Locrian spears,  
 Three hundred Delphians Atalantè holds;  
 Them Æschylus arriving will expect 55  
 To find in Chalcis. Gladly shall I hail,  
 Timoxenus rejoins, your quick return,  
 To guard these walls. Themistocles is march'd  
 To conquer Ægæ, rather to redeem  
 Her state aggriev'd, which courts his guardian hand.

Sicinus here: Illustrious men, farewell; 61  
 In Ægæ soon Themistocles shall know  
 Of your arrival. Instant he began,  
 All night pursu'd his course, and saw the morn  
 Shine



Book XVIII. THE ATHENAID. 185

Shine on that city yielded to his lord. 65

To him Sicinus counts the pow'rful aids

Expected, large of Aristides speaks,

Large of Timothea; in a rapt'rous style

Dwells on her wish for amity to bind

The two Cecropian heroes. Glad replies 70

Themistocles: On every new event

She rises lovelier, more endear'd; her worth

Shall meliorate her husband. I obey,

Content on this wide universe to see

Myself the second, Aristides first; 75

For still he tow'rs above me. Didst thou say,

Cleander, Medon, were already come,

That Æschylus was coming? All their force

I want, Sicinus; listen to my tale.

Last night an ancient personage, unknown, 80

In length of beard most awful, not unlike

Tisander, ask'd an audience, and obtain'd

My

My private ear. Themistocles, he said,  
 If I deliver tidings, which import  
 Thy present safety, and thy future weal, 85  
 I shall exact thy promise in the name  
 Of all the gods and goddesses to wave  
 Enquiry, whence I come, or who I am.  
 First know, that Mindarus, the Persian chief  
 In Oreus, newly for Thessalia's coast 90  
 Embark'd, whose neighb'ring Pagasæan cape  
 Looks on Eubœa. He this day return'd,  
 And reinforcement from Mardonius brought,  
 Ten thousand spears. Thessalia hath supply'd  
 Three thousand more. An army huge defends 95  
 Th' Orœan circuit. Further be inform'd  
 That sev'n Geræstian homicides are sworn  
 To thy destruction. By their secret wiles  
 The house of rich Timoxenus was fir'd;  
 Them in the field hereafter, all combin'd 100  
 Against thy head, their sable arms will shew;

Book XVIII. THE ATHENAID. 187

The hideous impress on their shields is death.  
Farewell, thou hero; if my parting step  
Thou trace, farewell for ever; else be sure  
Again to see me in thy greatest need. 105

In mystery, Sicinus, not of heav'n,  
But human art, immers'd is some event,  
Which mocks my utmost fathom; but my course  
Is plain. In fruitless search I waste no thought,  
Who, as my servant, smiling fortune use, 110  
Nor yet am hers, Sicinus, when she frowns.  
Now mark: One passage winds among the hills  
Encircling Oreus. When the vanquish'd foe  
Her bulwarks sought for shelter, I detach'd  
Eretrian Cleon, Hyacinthus brave, 115  
And with Carystian bands Nicanor staid,  
Who unoppos'd the strong defile secur'd;  
There shall my banner, strengthen'd by the youth  
Of Ægæ, soon be planted; there shall wait,  
Till



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Till each auxiliar, thou hast nam'd, arrive, 120  
 Then pour on Demonax the storm of war.  
 Let Træzen's squadron and th' Athenian ride  
 Before his port, Cleander have the charge.  
 Speed back to Chalcis; publish these resolves.

They part. Not long Themistocles delay'd 125  
 To gain the mountains; nor three days were pass'd  
 When brave Nearchus, Haliartus bold,  
 Th' illustrious brothers of Oïlean race,  
 Great Æschylus and Timon, with their bands  
 Arriv'd, and join'd him at the strong defile  
 Which now contain'd his whole collected force. 130  
 Thence he descended on a morning fair,  
 First of that month, which frequent sees the sun  
 Through vernal show'rs, distill'd from tepid clouds,  
 Diffuse prolific beams o'er moisten'd earth  
 To dress her lap, exuberant and fresh, 135  
 With flow'rs and verdure. Terrible the bands  
 Succeeding bands expatiate o'er the fields.

So

Book XVIII. THE ATHENAID. 189

So when an earthquake rives a mountain's side,  
Where stagnant water, gather'd and confin'd  
Within a deep vacuity of rock, 140  
For centuries hath slept, releas'd, the floods  
In roaring cataracts impetuous fall;  
They roll before them shepherds and their flocks,  
Herds and their keepers; cottage, fold and stall,  
Promiscuous ruins floating on the stream, 145  
Are borne to plains remote. Now Oreus lifts  
Her stately tow'rs in fight. Three myriads arm'd  
Before the walls hath Demonax arrang'd  
In proud defiance. So, at first o'erthrown,  
Antæus huge, uprising in his might 150  
Fresh and redoubled by his parent earth,  
Return'd to combat with Alcmena's seed.

Wide stretch'd th' Orëan van; the wary son  
Of Neocles to equal that extent  
Spread his inferiour number. By a front 155  
Not

Not depth of line the tyrant he deceiv'd ;  
 But of Athenian veterans he form'd  
 A square battalion, which the martial bard  
 Rang'd on the sea-beat verge ; the other wing  
 Is Medon's charge, where thirty shields in file 160  
 Compose the Locrian column. Ere the word  
 Is giv'n for onset, thus his wonted guard  
 Themistocles addresses: If a troop  
 In sable cuirass, and with shields impress'd  
 By death's grim figure, at my head should aim, 165  
 Let them assail me ; be it then your care,  
 Postponing other duty, to surround,  
 To seize and bear them captives from the fight.

He march'd ; himself the cent'ral phalanx led ;  
 The floating crimson of his plumage known, 170  
 Minerva's bird his crest, whose terrors shook  
 The bloody field of Chalcis, soon proclaim  
 Themistocles. Now targets clash with shields ;  
 Barbarian



Book XVIII. THE ATHENAID. 191

Barbarian fabres with Cecropian fwords,  
Euboean spears with spears in fudden fhock, 175  
Bellona mingles. Medon firft o'erthrew  
Theffalia's line, his temp'rate mind was ftung  
By indignation; Timon bath'd his lance  
In their perfidious blood; Leonteus gor'd  
Their diffipated ranks. A chosen troop 180  
To their affiftance Lamachus advanc'd;  
Him Haliartus met; his finewy arm,  
Which could have quell'd Lycaon, firft of wolves,  
The Erymanthian, or Ætolian boar,  
Smote to the ground the mifcreant's bulk deform'd,  
Whofe band, recoiling, leave the victor fpace 186  
To drag him captive. Rout and carnage fweep  
That fhatter'd wing before th' Oïlean fwords;  
Not with lefs vigour Æfchylus o'erturn'd  
The other. Mindarus in vain oppos'd 190  
Undaunted efforts. Pallas feem'd to fire  
Her own Athenians; Neptune, in the fhape

Of

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Of Æschylus, seem'd landed from his conch  
 To war, as once on Troy's Sigæan strand;  
 Or to have arm'd the warrior-poet's grasp 195  
 With that strong weapon, which can rock the earth.  
 Not in the center suddenly prevail'd  
 Themistocles; the sev'n Geræstians, leagu'd  
 By hell, combining their assassins' points  
 Against the hero, for a while delay'd 200  
 His progress; firmly their united blows  
 His shield receiv'd. So Hercules endur'd  
 The sev'nfold stroke of Hydra; but the zeal  
 Of Iolaüs to assist that god  
 In his tremendous labour, was surpass'd 205  
 By each Athenian, each Laconian guard,  
 Who never left Themistocles. They watch'd  
 The fav'ring moment; with a hundred spears  
 They hedg'd the traitors round, forbade escape,  
 Clasp'd and convey'd them living from the field.

Still

Book XVIII. THE ATHENAID. 193

Still Demonax resists ; while near him tow'rs 211  
Ariobarzanes, moving rock of war  
In weight and stature. Of Eubœans, forc'd  
By savage pow'r to battle, numbers low'r  
Surrend'ring banners, some to Cleon, some 215  
To humble Styra's well-conducted sword,  
And thine, sad youth, a while by glory taught  
To strive with anguish, and suspend despair,  
Cleora's husband. Mindarus appears,  
Who warns the tyrant timely to retreat, 220  
Ere quite envelop'd by the wheeling files  
Of Æschylus and Medon. Lo ! in front,  
More dang'rous still, amid selected ranks,  
Themistocles. The monster gnash'd his teeth ;  
His impious voice, with execrations hoarse, 225  
Assail'd the heav'nly thrones ; his buckler firm  
He grasp'd, receding to th' Orœan wall ;  
Where, under vaulted sheets of missive arms  
Whirl'd on his fierce pursuers, through the gates



He rush'd to shelter. Thus a mighty boar, 230  
 Of Calydonian strength, long held at bay,  
 The hunter's point evading, and the fangs  
 Of staunchest hounds, with undiminish'd ire  
 Red in his eyes, and foaming from his jaws,  
 Impetuous plunges in accustom'd woods. 235

Th' Athenian chief, who sees th' incessant storms  
 Of darts and arrows from the rampart's height,  
 Retreats; but swift his numbers, now enlarg'd  
 By yielding thousands of Eubœan race,  
 Distributes round th' invested town to guard 240  
 Each avenue and station. From the sea  
 Cleander threatens. In his evening tent  
 The gen'ral views the captives; frowns condemn  
 The sev'n Geræstians to their former chains.  
 The hero smiles on Lamachus, the prize 245  
 Of Haliartus, and familiar thus:

Again,

Book XVIII. THE ATHENAID. 195

Again, my Tyrian trafficker in slaves,  
I greet thee: Son of Lygdamis, what praise  
To thy distinguish'd efforts is not due?  
This precious head to my disposal yield. 250  
He then proceeds to Lamachus apart:

Now take thy freedom, villain; to my use  
See thou employ it, else expect to die.  
Your land, remember, and your sea are mine;  
Soon on the head of Demonax this arm 255  
Shall dash yon bulwarks; what I speak is fate.  
Thou hast thy option, go. Sicinus, hear;  
This man is free; conduct him through the camp.

Now from his friends sequester'd, on a couch,  
Which never care disturbs, he slept till dawn, 260  
When, rous'd by heralds from the town, again  
The leaders he conven'd. Before them came  
Arbactus, fierce Barbarian, who began:

Themistocles of Athens, in the name  
 Of Mindarus the Persian, I defy 265  
 Thy arm to combat in the list'd field;  
 The same defiance to thy boldest chiefs  
 Ariobarzanes sends. If you prevail,  
 The royal host shall quit Eubœa's isle,  
 Which shall submit to Xerxes if you fall. 270

Up Hyacinthus, Haliartus, start  
 Indignant. First the young Carystian spake:

Are they so gross in ignorance to hope,  
 Themistocles will stoop to single fight  
 With twice-o'erthrown Barbarians, who, unsafe 275  
 Behind a rampart, tremble at his pow'r?  
 But if the Persian Mindarus would try  
 A Grecian's single valour, O permit,  
 Themistocles, thy soldier to assert  
 The Grecian fame. The friend of Medon next:

The



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The same permission I implore, O chief, 281  
Invincible thyself; that all this host  
May witness my fidelity to Greece.

Themistocles subjoins : Barbarian, go,  
Provide thy champions; ours thou see'st prepar'd  
For honour, not decision of the doom 286  
Reserv'd for Demonax; whose final lot  
Lies in my breast alone. The herald back  
To Oreus speeds. The prudent chief pursues:

My Hyacinthus, all thy wrongs I feel; 290  
But, if resentment can afford the grace  
I ask thee, lend to policy thy arm :  
Take Mindarus thy captive. From thy proofs  
Of might and firmness, Haliartus brave,  
My wish is lifted high in hope to see 295  
Ariobarzanes gasping at thy feet.

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He rises. Straight embattled on the plain,  
 His army shews a formidable gleam  
 To Demonax. Still num'rous for defence  
 Barbarian warriors, and Theffalian, throng 300  
 The battlements of Oreus. Through the gates,  
 In solemn pace and flow, a herald train  
 Precede their champions. Heralds from the camp  
 Produce th' illustrious Haliartus clad  
 In richest arms, the gift of Caria's queen; 305  
 A twig of flend'rest laurel, twisted round  
 A shepherd's crook, in portraiture adorn'd  
 His modest buckler. Grim his foe advanc'd  
 In mail blood-colour'd, with a targe of gold,  
 Ariobarzanes. Hyacinthus next 310  
 Appears in tried habiliments of war,  
 Which on his dearest patron Mars had seen  
 In Marathonian fields. A plumage black,  
 Denoting grief, he carries; on his shield  
 A female image, and the form of Death, 315  
 Who

Who blasts her graces. Mindarus approach'd  
 In armour studded bright with orient gems ;  
 His buckler too a shape of beauty pale,  
 Stretch'd on a fun'ral pyre, exhibits sad ;  
 Of pearl her limbs, of rubies were the flames. 320  
 Ere they engage, the Persian warrior thus :

Since my encounter, whether through disdain  
 Or policy I know not, is refus'd  
 By your commander, not through fear I know,  
 Do thou in courtesy disclose thy name, 325  
 Thy rank in Grecian armies. May'st thou prove  
 In lustre such as Mindarus would chuse  
 To be th' opponent of a satrap's arm.

Then tremble, satrap, at my name, the name  
 Of Hyacinthus, fierce the youth returns ; 330  
 Cleora's husband, whom thy barb'rous love  
 Hath wrong'd, whom hell-born Demonax hath  
 damn'd



To ever-during torment, shakes this lance,  
By vengeance pointed and invet'rate hate.

Young man, rejoins the Persian, on thy grief  
I drop a pitying tear, while thou dost wrong 336  
Me clear of wrong to thee. No barb'rous love  
Was mine; unconscious of your nuptial tie,  
Till she confess'd it to her savage fire,  
My flame was holy; not a thought impure 340  
To violate a right could taint my breast.  
But that I lov'd her, Hyacinthus, sure  
He, who her dear perfections knew so well,  
Must wave his wonder; that her fate o'erwhelms  
My spirit, never to revive, I feel; 345  
That my disastrous passion caus'd her doom,  
Blame both our fortunes, not my guiltless heart.  
If yet thy anguish can a moment look  
Compassionate on me—but I forgive  
Unjust reproaches from a grief like thine, 350  
Which

Which should, which must exceed my own, my own  
Exceeding after thine all other woe.

Now Hyacinthus melted, but observ'd,  
That during this sad interview the spear  
Of Haliartus at his feet had laid 355  
Ariobarzanes dead. Heart-stung by shame  
At his inaction, with so many chiefs,  
With such an army, and the godlike son  
Of Neocles spectators, he begins  
The fight, but recollects that friend's request. 360  
The Persian more effeminate desponds  
At past defeats, and present grief renew'd,  
Whose weight, though lighter, he less firmly bore,  
Than did the hardy Greek his heavier share  
Of woe. Yet fearless he maintains the strife 365  
With native force devoid of gymnic skill,  
In which confiding Hyacinthus oft  
Inverts his spear, and levels bloodless strokes,

Still vigilant to ward the hostile point,  
 Oft o'er his buckler glancing, though impell'd 370  
 By active strength. At last a pond'rous blow  
 Full on the Persian's front descends; a groan  
 Is heard throughout the rampart as he falls;  
 The groan redoubles, as the victor bears  
 That leader captive to th' investing camp. 375

To his own tent Themistocles admits  
 The Persian's batter'd, but unwounded limbs;  
 He praises Hyacinthus; he consoles  
 The noble foe, commends to healing rest,  
 And at returning morn salutes him thus: 380

If thee unransom'd, Mindarus, I send  
 To Oreus, canst thou pity her estate  
 Curs'd in a monster? Canst thou feel the wound  
 Of thy own glory longer to support  
 The worst of men, excluded by his crimes 385

From



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From heav'n's protection, and the laws of faith?  
Wilt thou, to spare whole rivulets of blood  
Greek and Barbarian, render to my arms  
The town, and thus procure thyself a name  
To live for ever, by a righteous act, 390  
Delighting gods and mortals? Thee my ships  
Shall land in safety on thy native shore;  
The king will praise thee for his army sav'd,  
Which shall partake my clemency. Reject  
All hope, good Persian, to withstand my arm; 395  
I am Themistocles. The satrap starts  
From languor thus: Athenian, I confess  
Thy greatness, thy ascendancy have felt;  
But will endure, whate'er a victor's pow'r  
Inflicts on captives, rather than pollute 400  
My loyal faith to Xerxes; from my king  
I took my charge, and never will betray.  
The crimes of Demonax I know; myself  
Have prov'd their horrors in Cleora's fate,

I lov'd, ador'd her excellence; her thread 405  
 His impious rage dislever'd; on her tomb  
 My tears have daily flow'd. Retain me still  
 Thy captive, never to revisit more  
 Her father's hateful mansion. Heav'n permit,  
 By thy vindictive arm, but heav'n forbid, 410  
 That ever by disloyalty of mine,  
 Th' infernal author of her death may fall.

The barbarism of loyalty, which binds  
 Men to a monarch, but the monarch leaves  
 Free to his lusts, his cruelty and rage, 415  
 Th' enlighten'd Greek despis'd, yet now deplor'd  
 In one by nature gifted to deserve  
 A better lot from heav'n. Not less aware  
 Of democratic jealousy, which hurls  
 From fortune's summit heroes to the dust, 420  
 He press'd no further, cautious not to wound  
 A gallant mind, whose friendship won he meant

To

To use in wants, such fortune might create.  
 He leaves Sicinus near him; while his care  
 Exhausts the light in traversing the camp 425  
 To view the works. His evening orders hold  
 Each band in arms; while anxious in his tent  
 He sits deep-musing, whether to attempt  
 The town that night by storm, or patient wait  
 For some event less bloody, casual boon 430  
 Of time and fortune. Wasteful is delay,  
 But precious too his soldiers; such brave lives  
 The full completion of his vast design  
 Requires. Thus, dubious, till the second watch  
 Throughout the camp is toll'd, and clouded heav'n  
 Drops down her sable veil, he sits; when lo! 435  
 Before him stands his monitor unknown,  
 The venerable figure, which he saw  
 At Ægæ. Staid Sicinus is the guide,  
 Who swift retires, but watches faithful nigh. 440

Themistocles,



Themistocles, the stranger solemn spake;  
 'Thee I have trusted, thou hast trusted me,  
 Nor either hath repented. Who I am,  
 Now learn. By friendship's sacred ties, by blood  
 To thy best friend Eudora I am bound, 445  
 Elephenor am call'd, pontific seer  
 Of Jupiter in Oreus. Timely warn'd  
 By her most urgent mandate to repose  
 All confidence in thee, and lend my aid,  
 Nor less admonish'd by Tifander sage, 450  
 I help'd thee first with counsel; now I bring  
 Effectual succour. Demonax, though foil'd,  
 Hath still a pow'rful remnant of his host  
 To man his walls, and desp'rate will defend.  
 Select two thousand spears; avoid delay; 455  
 A secret passage, known to holy steps  
 Alone, o'er town and tyrant will complete  
 Thy bloodless conquest. Swift the Attic chief:

O father!

O father! sacred in my ear the sound  
 Of good Tifander's, great Eudora's names; 460  
 Thy former warnings I have prov'd sincere  
 To merit gratitude and trust. He calls  
 Sicinus, bids him summon all the chiefs  
 Of Locris and Carystus; they appear.  
 To Hyacinthus and Nicanor then 465  
 Themistocles: Attend with all your bands  
 This rev'rend guide; intelligence transmit  
 As you advance. His orders are perform'd.  
 Next he exhorts th' Oilean brethren thus,  
 Nor passes favour'd Haliartus by: 470

You with your Locrians follow to support  
 These friends, lest ambush and deception lurk  
 Beneath a promise of assur'd success.

This said, himself forth issues to prepare  
 The gen'ral host for action, ev'n that night, 475  
 If

If fair occasion summons, when he meets  
 Trœzene's leader. Is Cleander here,  
 Themistocles began? Momentous sure,  
 The cause which sends thee from thy naval charge.

To him Cleander: Anchor'd as I lay, 480  
 A slender skiff, when darkness first prevail'd,  
 Approach'd my galley. To an earnest suit  
 For conference I listen'd, and receiv'd  
 On board a man of Oreus, all in limbs  
 Deform'd, in lineaments all rude, whose name 485  
 Is Lamachus. To render up this night  
 A sep'rate fort he proffers, which commands  
 The town and harbour, if thy faith be pledg'd  
 Him and Thessalia's garrison to land  
 Safe on her neighb'ring coast. Thy will to learn  
 I come, he waits. His proffer I accept, 491  
 Rejoins th' alert Athenian, and the doom,  
 I had prepar'd for those degen'rate Greeks,

Postpone.



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Postpone. Cleander to his station flies.

Serene th' Athenian in array contains 495

His army cool, with expectation mute.

So, in deceitful quiet oft the main

Before the glazing light of Dian spreads

A mirrour smooth; the ruler of the winds

Anon from troubled clouds, and ocean's god 500

From his tempestuous chariot, give the sign

For wild commotion; then the furling brine

Affails the loftiest tops of reeling masts,

Foams on the rocks, and deluges the beach.

*End of the Eighteenth Book.*

THE  
A T H E N A I D.

BOOK the NINETEENTH.

THE morning breaks; Nicanor sudden greets  
The gen'ral; welcome tidings in these  
words

He utters loud: The citadel is won,  
The tyrant slaughter'd. With our sacred guide  
A rugged, winding track, in brambles hid, 5  
Half up a crag we climb'd; there, stooping low,  
A narrow cleft we enter'd; mazy still  
We trod through dusky bowels of a rock,  
While our conductor gather'd, as he stepp'd,  
A clue,

A clue, which careful in his hand he coil'd. 10  
 Our spears we trail'd; each soldier held the skirt  
 Of his preceding comrade. We attain'd  
 An iron wicket, where the ending line  
 Was fasten'd; thence a long and steep ascent  
 Was hewn in steps; suspended on the sides, 15  
 Bright rows of tapers cheer'd our eyes with light.  
 We reach'd the top; there lifting o'er his head  
 A staff, against two horizontal valves  
 Our leader smote, which open'd at the sound.  
 Behind me Hyacinthus on the rock 20  
 Sunk sudden down, pronouncing in his fall  
 Cleora; I on Hyacinthus call'd.

Is this Cleora's husband? cried the priest;  
 Descend, my Pamphila, my wife, descend.

She came, a rev'rend priestess; tender both 25  
 With me assisting plac'd my speechless friend

Within



Within a cleft by me unmark'd before,  
 Which seem'd a passage to some devious cell.  
 Me by the hand Elephenor remov'd  
 Precipitate; a grating door of brass 30  
 Clos'd on my parting steps. Ascend, he said,  
 Make no enquiry; but remain assur'd,  
 His absence now is best. I mount, I rise  
 Behind a massy basis which upheld  
 Jove grasping thunder, and Saturnia crown'd, 35  
 Who at his side outstretch'd her scepter'd hand.  
 The troops succeeding fill the spacious dome.  
 Last, unexpected, thence more welcome, rose,  
 Detach'd from Medon with five hundred spears,  
 Brave Haliartus, who repair'd the want 40  
 Of my disabled colleague. Now the priest:

Ye chiefs, auxiliar to the gods profan'd,  
 And men oppress'd, securely you have reach'd  
 The citadel of Oreus. The dark hour

Befriends

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Befriends your high attempt. Let one possess 45  
The only entrance from the town below,  
The other swift the palace must surprise,  
Where Demonax lies slumb'ring, if his guilt  
Admits of rest, and dreams not of your spears.

With small resistance from a drowsy guard 50  
I seiz'd the gate; the palace soon was forc'd  
By Haliartus. Demonax maintain'd,  
From door to door fierce combat, till he sunk,  
Blaspheming ev'ry pow'r of heav'n and hell,  
On his own couch, beneath repeated wounds 55  
Delv'd in his body by the Carian sword,  
Whose point produc'd the sever'd head in view.

These news, Sicinus, to Eudora bear,  
Themistocles began. Before her feet  
Fall grateful, kiss for me her hallow'd robe; 60  
My venerable friend Tifander hail,  
To her, to him, this victory we owe.

Salute

Salute Timoxenus, my noble host,  
 Greet his excelling daughter; let them hear  
 Of brave Nicanor, and the Carian sword, 65  
 Which, closing at a blow this dang'rous war,  
 Preserves so many Greeks. Carystian chief,  
 Accept from me good tidings in return  
 For thine. Intelligence this hour hath brought,  
 That vigilant Cleander hath possess'd 70  
 The naval fort, an inlet to the town  
 For this whole army, pouring from our ships  
 Successive numbers, if the Persian bands  
 Yet meditate resistance. Not to give  
 Their consternation leisure to subside, 75  
 Against the walls each standard shall advance.

He said, and gave command. The diff'rent chiefs  
 Head their battalions. Oreus trembling sees  
 Encircling danger; heralds in their pomp,  
 Dread summoners, are nigh: Her foreign guard,  
 Depriv'd



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Depriv'd of wonted leaders, at the fall 81

Of Demonax aghast, in thought behold

Death in the conquer'd citadel extend

His hideous arms to beckon from the fleet

Cleander's valour, and from swarming tents 85

Themistocles. On his approach the gates

Are thrown abroad. From all the Persian bands

Their javelins, shields, and banners on the ground

Pale fear deposits. Thus the yielding masts

Of all their canvass mariners divest, 90

When Æolus is riding on a storm

To overwhelm the vessel, which would drive

In full apparel to resist his ire.

Th' Athenian, though triumphant, in his joy

Omits no care. To Æschylus awhile. 95

The charge supreme transferring, he ascends

The citadel; the Carian victor there

Conducts him o'er the palace, shews the corse

Of Demonax, his treasury unspoil'd,  
 By chosen Locrians guarded. Pleas'd, the chief  
 Embraces Haliartus: Friend, he said, 101  
 Though late acquir'd, inestimable friend,  
 How shall I praise thee? but my bosom wrapt  
 In long concealment, now to thee alone  
 Disclos'd, shall warrant my profess'd regard. 105  
 Know, that whatever thou hast heard, or seen  
 Of my Eubœan labours, are no more,  
 Than preparation for a wider stage  
 Of action. Gold, one necessary means,  
 Thou hast provided; but I want a man 110  
 Of hardy limbs and vig'rous, bold, discreet,  
 Who all the Persian quarters would explore,  
 On either side Thermopylæ; would trace  
 Whate'er employs Mardonius, what the time  
 He takes the field, and where his gather'd stores  
 Of war deposits. Thessaly provok'd 116  
 Long since my just resentment. Ere the king  
 Of

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Of Asia pass'd the Hellespont, I led  
Ten thousand Greeks her passes to defend ;  
By her deserted and betray'd, I march'd 120  
Unprofitably back. The Carian here :

Had I endowments equal to my will,  
I were that man. Accept me, as I am,  
Vers'd in those borders, me, whose faithful zeal  
Leonidas experienc'd and approv'd ; 125  
So let Themistocles. My rustic weeds  
I can resume to range th' Ætæan crags,  
The fields of Locris, and Thessalia's plains.

Thou art that man, th' Athenian quick rejoin'd ;  
Then hold thee ready. Sudden in their birth 130  
Are my resolves, and when mature have wings.

This said, he visits Æschylus below.  
Judicious he in stations had dispos'd



The various bands; the pris'ners were secur'd.

Throughout th' Orēan streets and dwellings reign'd

Tranquillity and order. Him the son 136

Of Neocles bespake: To-morrow's dawn

Shall see thee honour'd, as becomes a chief,

Whom Aristides nam'd, and Athens chose

To save Eubœa. I defer till night 140

Our consultations. I, not wanted here,

Will reascend the citadel; the voice

Of friendship calls me to a tender care.

He seeks the fane. Elephenor he greets;

Applause to him in gratitude unfeign'd 145

Presenting, next his earnest lips enquire

Of Hyacinthus. Here the rev'rend man:

First know, his dear Cleora is alive.

I, priest of Jove, and Pamphila my wife,

Who to th' Olympian empress in this feat 150

Of blended rites are ministers, when told

That

That Demonax had doom'd his child to death,  
 Solicited her pardon in the names  
 Of both divinities. At both he spurn'd,  
 While we contriv'd this stratagem. Her nurse, 155  
 By us admonish'd, in due time declar'd  
 Cleora dead. The body of a slave,  
 A youthful maiden recently expir'd,  
 Was for Cleora carried to the flames,  
 While her we shelter'd in a secret cell, 160  
 From human sight, from sight of day conceal'd.  
 These pow'rs, alike offended at th' intent  
 As perpetration of an impious deed,  
 Have sent thee forth their instrument of wrath,  
 Divinely-prompted hero. Wilt thou shed 165  
 On Hyacinthus and Cleora's bliss  
 Thy guardian smile? This utter'd, down the steps  
 He guides th' Athenian to the hidden cell.

By his Cleora Hyacinthus sat.

The youthful husband o'er the snowy breast, 170

Which lull'd and cherish'd a reposing babe,  
The blooming father o'er that precious fruit  
Hung fondly. Thoughtful ecstasy recall'd  
His dream at Juno's temple ; where he saw  
The visionary bosom of his bride 175  
Disclose maternal to an infant new  
That pillow smooth of lillies. Wan her cheek  
Told her confinement from the cheerful day.  
Six moons in deep obscurity she dwelt ;  
Where, as a sea-nymph underneath a rock, 180  
Or Indian genie in the cavern'd earth,  
Her cell in conchs and coral she had dress'd,  
By gracious Pamphila supply'd to cheat |  
Time and despair. The loom her patient art  
Had plied, her own sad story had begun, 185  
Now to conclude in joy. The starting youth  
Beholds his patron, rushes on his breast  
In transport thus : Redeemer of my peace !  
Balm of my grief ! of happiness my source !

My



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My health of mind and body is thy gift. 190

If in his anguish Hyacinthus felt

His obligation, in the hour of bliss

To what excess must gratitude expand

His bosom now! Cleora and my child

I owe to thy protection—this is she, 195

This is my goddess, this my light, my joy,

Deriv'd from thy humanity. Thou god

Of Hyacinthus, tutelary god!

Thou from the pit of horror didst upraise

My limbs, for ever to its bottom chain'd 200

Without thy helpful hand; without thee death

Had been my portion; never had I liv'd

To see Cleora, never known this day!

But will my gen'ral overlook my fault?

Thy soldier, in his subterranean march 205

Tow'rd's this retirement, threw a casual glance,

Which met Cleora's. Down the shield and spear

Dropp'd from my hands disabled; life forsook

My heart, which irrecoverably lost  
 All sense of duty both to thee and Greece, 210  
 By me alone deserted. Bless that chance,  
 Themistocles replies, and leads aside  
 Th' attentive youth. Perhaps these gods ordain'd,  
 In compensation of thy long distress,  
 In recompense of pure and constant love, 215  
 That to Cleora thou unstain'd with blood,  
 Blood of her father by another slain,  
 Shouldst be restor'd, nor taint with horrors new  
 This thy new hymen. Æschylus by morn  
 Will sit in judgment righteous, but severe, 220  
 On each Eubœan criminal, the dead  
 Not less than living. Instantly remove  
 To thy Carystian home thy wife and babe;  
 Whate'er can pass in Oreus must offend  
 Her eye and ear. Then turning to the fair: 225  
 From warlike toils thy consort I dismiss;  
 He, who so nobly signaliz'd his sword

In

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In single combat, and the open field,  
And prov'd his valour equal to his love,  
All future palms to others may resign. 230  
Whatever comforts, time and peace can yield,  
Are due to both your suff'rings; nor an hour  
Shalt thou be cloister'd in this rueful cell.  
Elephenor, discreet and rev'rend man,  
Let thy kind clue conduct their secret steps. 235  
With presents laden, tokens of my love,  
Cars shall attend them at the cavern's mouth;  
Thou add thy blessing, that their new-born day  
May never set in sorrow. Thus the chief,  
Relax'd from busy care, amid success, 240  
Which not a shade of obstacle o'erhangs,  
Spake, as he felt, remunerating full  
For all his service Hyacinthus brave.

His knees embracing, thus Cleora spake :  
I have not utt'rance for my grateful heart ; 245



If thou dismiss us never more to see

Thy guardian face, our day will set in grief.

In smiles th' Athenian dissipates that fear:

Long ere thy husband's magisterial term

Is finish'd, I have further still to crave 250

From him as archon, not as soldier, help.

This to Carystus would alone direct

My footsteps; else amid domestic joys

To see thy days illumin'd, precious time

Themistocles would borrow from his charge. 255

Thus in the grateful fair-one he secur'd

Another friend, if wanted to support

His vast designs, which, gath'ring on his mind,

Speed his departure with a kind farewell.

The cars he orders, from the tyrant's stores 260

Rich presents draws, to Æschylus returns,

With him in conf'rence spends remaining day.

Aurora

Aurora hears Themistocles command  
 Stern proclamation by the trumpet's voice  
 For judgment on the guilty. All in chains 265  
 The tyrant's hated counsellors are brought,  
 Save Lamachus by faith of treaty safe  
 Bound to Thessalian shores ; but chief the sev'n  
 Geræstian ruffians, their assassins heads  
 Hang hopeless down. Amid the widest space 270  
 In Oreus lofty a tribunal stands,  
 Which Æschylus ascends, commander high  
 Of troops enroll'd by Athens. So her son  
 Disgrac'd, but courting favour new, devis'd  
 Her democratic jealousy to footh. 275  
 The various chieftains, through this glorious war  
 So late distinguish'd, round the solemn seat  
 Conspicuous wait, Themistocles himself  
 At the right hand of Æschylus. He sits  
 Like Minos sage, whose justice gain'd from Jove  
 Th' appointment awful to condemn, or spare 281  
 His fellow mortals in the world below.

When now th' accusers and accus'd were heard,  
 Thus spake the warrior-poet: Crimes like these  
 The legislator punishes with death; 285  
 Let us attempt within our scanty sphere,  
 Far as we may, to imitate the gods  
 In punishment deserv'd. Through those abodes  
 Which Hades governs, long the vulture gnaws;  
 Long is the toil of Sisyphus; to fill 290  
 Their leaking vases long the murd'rous feed  
 Of Danaus must strive. By labour, pain,  
 And shame continu'd, let flagitious men  
 Long wish to end their suff'rings, not enjoy  
 That wish'd-for period in a single pang. 295  
 This heavy sentence on assassin heads,  
 On foul, atrocious counsellors of ill,  
 Lo! I pronounce. An ignominious brand  
 Imprint on every forehead; plunge them chain'd,  
 Debas'd by vile impurity of garb, 300  
 In deep Chalcidian quarries; give them food  
 Just



Just for endurance of continued toil,  
 With daily stripes, that cruelty may feel  
 What she inflicts on others, and, impell'd  
 By desperation, court relief in death. 305  
 Before the gate of Oreus on a cross  
 Extend the limbs of Demonax; the flesh  
 Let kites deform, let parching air the bones  
 Of that despotic malefactor bleach,  
 Avenging man, and vindicating heav'n. 310  
 Flow next a strain more pleasing through the ear,  
 A strain delightful to that fav'ring god  
 Who first created laurel to adorn  
 The good and brave. A chaplet from his tree,  
 Ten captives, ten selected suits of arms 315  
 To ev'ry leader; one Barbarian slave,  
 A sabre, targe, whatever to the field  
 Accouters one Barbarian, I allot  
 To ev'ry soldier. Phoebus will supply  
 His laurel too, encompassing your brows, 320

Ye gen'rous people. But a splendid store  
 Of tripods, urns, and images provide  
 For great Eudora, and th' Eretrian seer,  
 That your triumphal off'ring may emblaze  
 Eubœa's fanes ; nor less with honours greet 325  
 Elephenor, your genius of success.

Eudora's portion thou, heroic priest,  
 Phoebean Timon, to her presence bear.

I need but name Acanthè to attract  
 Your veneration ; for Acanthè chuse, 330

Sweet paragon of Chalcis, from your spoils  
 The costly tissue of Barbaric looms,

And dazzling gems, that gratitude may vie  
 With obligation. Haliartus, bright

In recent glories from a tyrant slain, 335

Thou at her feet the precious tribute lay.

For me, if, servant of Cecropia's state,

I have upheld her justice and renown,

Your approbation is the sole reward

Which

Book XIX. THE ATHENAID. 229

Which I solicit, or will bear away 340

On my returning keel. He ceas'd. In roar

Surpassing waves, which beat the craggy strand

Amidst a tempest, from the gen'ral host

Broke forth applause. Themistocles subjoin'd :

Awhile, my friends, your labours I suspend; 345

Go to your homes ; to kind, expecting wives

Recount your trophies ; let your children see

Paternal mansions hung with Asian spoils.

Remember still, that valour must not sleep ;

That law restor'd and freedom are not firm 350

While Asia's trumpet sounds a blast in Greece.

Two days elapse ; Timoxenus, arriv'd

From Chalcis, joyful gratulation brings.

Solicitous th' Athenian first enquires

Of fair Acanthè's state. The father fond 355

Thus answers : Wasting malady is fled,

But



230 THE ATHENAID. Book XIX.

But hath behind it left indiff'rence cold  
To ev'ry joy. Thy wife a bracelet sent;  
These words the bearer Haliartus brought,  
Charg'd by Timothea elegant and wife. 360

"From me this present when Acanthè takes,  
"Say, how I prize her elevated mind,  
"Enabling my Themistocles to quell  
"The hateful breed of tyrants. Further say,  
"The man engaging her connubial hand 365  
"I should esteem the favorite of heav'n."

I heard approving; on the grateful hint  
A secret hour I chose; my daughter's ear

I thus address'd. "My only child and hope,  
"Shall no sweet offspring cheer a grandfire's age?  
"Shall my possessions to a stranger pass, 371

"My blood be lost for ever? Shall this war,  
"Thy work, Acanthè, which a father's love,  
"In all to thee complying, at thy suit  
"Commenc'd, produce no hero to console 375

"Thy widow'd couch?" "The sacrifice of life,

"Of

Book XIX. THE ATHERNALD. 231

" Of my ideal, or my real peace,  
" Is due to such a father," she exclaim'd  
In pious fervour. " Arguments to urge  
" Against thy plea my age and thine forbid; 380  
" But ah! dear parent, my capricious fate  
" Presents no suitor to thy child's esteem."  
The Amarynthian priestess, whose controul  
Surpasses mine, with sternness oft enforc'd  
My just desire. At length my daughter thus 385  
On my departure: " Obey; consult  
" Themistocles; let him a consort name,  
" Who best hath serv'd him in this righteous war."

Ne'er yet ill chance, or sorrow, from the son  
Of Neocles drew tears. His soul reflects 390  
On this transcendent fair one, who had chang'd  
The violence of passion to respect  
So confidential, dress'd in sweetest grace  
So far beyond his merits tow'rd a heart

Of

232 THE ATHENAID. Book XIX.

Of purest texture, late by him misled 395  
 To error, now to purity restor'd  
 By native honour. At th' affecting thought  
 He turns those eyes, till then of steadfast look  
 On all events and objects, turns aside  
 To hide their oozing dew; yet soon he spake: 400

None can I name, but wise Timothea's choice  
 To bear her present, Haliartus brave,  
 Who hath avow'd to Æschylus and me  
 A veneration for thy matchless child;  
 But he, appointed to a service high, 405  
 Like Hercules must labour yet to gain  
 The sum of bliss. For three successive moons  
 He must continue mine. The past events  
 In copious strains the hero now rehears'd,  
 Concluding thus: The army I disband; 410  
 Great Æschylus for Athens straight embarks;  
 I shall remain in Oreus to compose

This



This troubled city; thou resume thy way;  
The criminals transported in thy train  
Lock in the quarries; to Acanthè all 415  
Unravel; her and Chalcis too prepare  
For due reception of that happy man,  
Whom Jove hath honour'd in a tyrant's death,  
Whom Juno soon in nuptial ties will bless,  
And all Eubœa to Acanthè sends 420  
With tokens rich of public praise and love.

With joy Timoxenus assents; the morn  
Sees him depart; at Chalcis he arrives,  
Performing all Themistocles enjoin'd.  
Now ev'ry temple breathes perfumes; prepar'd 425  
Are chosen victims, colonnades and gates  
With chaplets hung; the garden's flow'ry growth,  
Each scented produce of luxuriant fields,  
The maids and matrons bear to welcome home  
Triumphant warriors. Now th' expected gleams  
Of

234 THE ATHENAID. Book XIX.

Of armour tinge the champaign's utmost verge; 431

Near and more near the military pomp,

At large develop'd o'er the green expanse,

Spears, bucklers, helmets, plumes, Barbaric spoils

In trophies pil'd on hollow-sounding cars, 435

Grow on the sight. Through Chalcis lies the  
march;

Those in abode the most remote precede.

Geræstian banners first Eudemus shews;

With Lampon follow Styra's gallant troop;

The Amarynthian and Carystian bands, 440

Nicanor leads; th' Eretrians, now become

Once more a people, with their wives and race

At length redeem'd, to Cleon's orders move.

In blooming garlands had the mothers deck'd

Their children's heads, whom, tripping through the  
streets, 445

Spectatress equal to the lofliest scene,

Eudora

Eudora blesses. Sweet Acanthè melts  
In tears of gladness, while her father nigh  
Awakes attention to a num'rous train, 449  
Her native friends, whom brave Nearchus heads.

These are thy warriors, fondly cries the fire;  
To whom Eudora: Who is he in state  
Pontifical, a holy man in arms?

Three hundred Delphians then were passing by,  
Phœbean branches twisted round their spears. 455  
Behind them, lodg'd on axles rolling slow,  
Were vases, tripods, images and busts,  
Spoils of the palace Demonax had rais'd.

Thou seest, replies Timoxenus, a form  
To Phœbus dear, the venerable form. 460  
Of Timon, priest and soldier. From that car  
He will descend to kiss thy sacred hand,  
Before



236 THE ATHENAID. Book XIX.

Before thy feet a precious tribute lay  
 For thy pure goddess, sister of his god.  
 But look, my sweet Acanthè, on the man 465  
 Themistocles hath chosen to revive  
 My drooping years. Preceded by a troop  
 Of youths, whom Medon, ever kind, hath cull'd  
 From all his Locrian files to grace his friend ;  
 Preceded by a trophy, which displays 470  
 The silver mail of Demonax, his shield,  
 His helm of gold, his variegated arms,  
 And spear in length ten cubits, which upholds  
 The tyrant's head, his victor meets our eyes,  
 Th' illustrious son of Lygdamis. She cast 475  
 Not an impassion'd, but revering glance  
 On one, whose might victorious had dissolv'd  
 Eubœan thraldom, one of noble frame,  
 In feature comely, and in look serene,  
 Whom her sole guide, the all controlling son 480  
 Of Neocles, had destin'd for her lord.

Her

Book XIX. THE ATHENAID. 237

Her dream recurs; the tyrant's head she sees;  
Th' exploit sublime, though not by him achiev'd,  
Whom partial fancy on her pillow shew'd,  
Her ever-wakeful loftiness of mind 485  
Admires impartial, and applauds the hand  
Which dealt the glorious blow. Her awful brow  
The priestess softens to a smile, and thus:

Is this the suitor, whom my hero chose  
For bright Acanthè? Favour'd by the gods, 490  
Themistocles in ev'ry action proves  
He cannot err. Acanthè hears, and press'd  
By duty's insurmountable controul,  
Aw'd by Eudora's majesty austere,  
Resolves to meet him with becoming grace, 495  
But of his virtue make one trial more.

The Delphian priest and Haliartus quit  
Their chariots; them Timoxenus receives

338 THE ATHENAID. Book XIX.

To his rich mansion and a sumptuous board.

Eudora there, with curious eyes and voice, 500

Explores and questions oft the Carian brave.

His Delphian friend, observing, in these words

Befought him: O, distinguish'd by the gods!

Who have in thee their care of virtue shewn,

Since from Eubœa thou must soon depart, 505

Lose not the present hour. These matchless dames

Must hear thy wond'rous narrative at large;

For singular thy fortunes with events

Are interwoven to delight the ear,

Affect the heart, and win th'applauding tongue;

That all may honour thy desert supreme 511

Like me, so much thy debtor. Straight complies

The modest Carian; list'ning silence reigns.

In native windings from his Lydian fount

As various flow'd Mæander, here along 515

A level champaign, daisy-painted meads,

Or



Book XIX. THE ATHENAID. 239

Or golden fields of Ceres, here through woods  
In green arcades projecting o'er his banks,  
There shut in rock, which irritates the stream,  
Here by low hamlets, there by stately towns, 520  
Till he attained the rich Magnesian seat ;  
Thence with augmented fame and prouder floods  
Roll'd down his plenteous tribute to the main :  
So through the mazes of his fortune winds  
In artless eloquence th' expressive strain 525  
Of Haliartus, from his peasant state  
To scenes heroic. Humble still in mind,  
Compell'd to follow truth's historic clue,  
He ends in glory, which his blushes grace ;  
Nor less they grace these frank and manly words,  
Which to Acanthè singly he directs : 531

Such as I am, thou elevated fair,  
Who hast Eubœa's liberty restor'd,  
Her grateful off'rings to thy feet I bring ;

240 THE ATHENAID. Book XIX.

With them an humble suppliant to thy smile, 535

That he may rank thy soldier, in thy name

His own distinguish, and, achieving well

The task by great Themistocles impos'd,

Deserve Acanthè's favour. She replies

With virtuous art: Can soldiers never know 540

Satiety of fame? must her career

Be still beginning, never be complete?

Must ev'ry passion yield to thirst of praise?

Should I request thee, wouldst thou for my sake

Thy new attempt relinquish, to enjoy 545

Thy ample portion of acquir'd renown

In peace at Chalcis? Haliartus then:

Not love of fame, which oft'ner frowns than smiles,

Not victory, nor spoil inflate my breast

All unaspiring. Sense of duty pure, 550

Of obligation, which I owe to Greece,

Themistocles, and Medon, rules supreme

Within

Book XIX. THE ATHENAID. 241

Within my soul. O first of mortal fair,  
Thou of his peace thy servant might'st deprive;  
But, wert thou fairer than the Paphian queen, 555  
In each excelling art like Pallas skill'd,  
Her paragon in wisdom, thy request  
Should thus be answer'd from a bleeding heart:  
To my performance of the trust repos'd  
The only bar is fate. Astonish'd gaz'd 560  
Timoxenus; nor knew the timid fire  
That his Acanthè's breast then first conceiv'd  
A spark of passion, but a spark divine,  
Such as for heroes goddesses have felt;  
As Thetis glow'd for Peleus. Thus the fair: 565

O most deserving of that hero's choice,  
To which alone Acanthè left her fate!  
Weigh'd in the balance, nor deficient found,  
Thou more than worthy of a hand like mine!  
Go, but return; triumphantly return 570



Lord of Acanthè; of my truth unchang'd  
Accept this pledge. She gave, he kiss'd her hand.  
Eudora's vestment, while the solemn scene  
Her looks approv'd, with fervent lips he touch'd;  
Then, clasping glad Timoxenus, retir'd 575  
To hoist his canvass in the morning gale.

*End of the Nineteenth Book.*

THE  
A T H E N A I D.  
BOOK the TWENTIETH.

**A**N April zephyr, with reviving sweets  
 From gay Eubœa's myrtle-border'd meads,  
 Perfumes his breath, scarce ruffling in his course  
 The pearly robe of morn. A ready skiff  
 The Carian hero mounts; the gale, though soft, 5  
 To him is adverse. From a rapid keel  
 Of Oreus, lo! Sicinus lifts a sign  
 Of salutation. Haliartus joins  
 The faithful man, and joyfully relates  
 His acquisition of Acanthé's hand.

10

M 2

To

To good Sicinus grateful sounds the tale,  
 Who thus replies: To Athens I proceed.  
 No sooner march'd the warriors to their homes,  
 Than, disengag'd from public care, my lord  
 Address'd me thus: Sicinus, spread the sail, 15  
 To Athens fly; my wife and offspring waft  
 To my embraces; that, while gentle rest  
 Remits the labours of my limbs disarm'd,  
 I with Timothea, she with me, may share  
 The past success, and taste of present joy. 20  
 Thee, Haliartus, she esteems; thy fame,  
 Exploits and fortune will augment her bliss.  
 But of this friendly gale a moment more  
 I must not lose. His vessel sails along;  
 The other slowly with laborious strokes 25  
 Of oars contends for passage, till broad noon  
 Flames on the laurell'd poops and colours gay  
 Of Athens and Trœzene; on whose decks,  
 Emblaz'd with spoils, and trophies, Phœbus pours  
 His



Book XX. THE ATHENAID. 245

His whole effulgence. Back to Attic strands 30

They steer in view. To fifes and trumpets clear

From ev'ry vessel in a blended sound

Reply the concave shores. Now sudden shifts

The wind, and checks their progress; but permits

Glad Haliartus close behind the helm 35

Of Æschylus to pass. The choral notes

Of triumph then were hush'd. The warrior-bard,

Who had so well accomplish'd all his charge,

Like Jove in judgment, on the plain like Mars,

Sat in oblivion of his arms, which lay 40

Beside him. O'er the Heliconian hill

In thought he wander'd, and invoc'd the Muse

To sing of civic harmony. The Muse

To Aristides, and the conqu'ring son

Of Neocles united, touch'd the lyre 45

With melody rejoicing at their names.

The Attic warriors throng'd the silent decks,

The shrouds and yards. Attention clos'd their lips,

Their minds were open'd. Musical and learn'd,  
 Minerva's chosen people had been wont 50  
 To hear his numbers in the tragic scene.  
 Sententious weight of poesy, combin'd  
 With music's pow'rful spell, there tam'd the rude,  
 Abash'd the vicious, and the good refin'd.

Oh! Artemisia, Haliartus sigh'd, 55  
 While at the strain his progress he delay'd,  
 How canst thou splendid vassalage prefer  
 In barb'rous climes, the residence of slaves,  
 To Greece, the land of freedom, arts and arms,  
 The legislator's and the hero's seat, 60  
 The guardian pure of equity and laws,  
 The nurse of orphans helpless and oppress'd,  
 Of all, whom Phœbus and the Muses lift  
 Above the rank of mortals! Greece, I owe  
 More than my birth and being to thy love, 65  
 My sentiments I owe. Adopted child,  
 For thee my better parent now I go

To hazard all in voluntary zeal,  
Ev'n the possession of Acanthè's charms.

On Atalantè's sea-beat verge he lands; 70  
Swift he collects his peasant weeds, the crook,  
The pipe and scrip, thus musing: Ancient garb,  
Thou dost remind me of Oïleus good,  
Dost summon all my gratitude to prove,  
That he, who benefits receives, and feels 75  
A grateful sense, is happy. From his side,  
His arm, and temples, he ungirds the sword,  
The shield releases, and unclasps the helm;  
These he commits, Sophronia, to thy care,  
Spouse of Leonteus, mother of the race 80  
Oïlean. Them, in tenderness embrac'd,  
He leaves with blessings, re-embarks and prints  
His bounding feet on Locris. Hermes thus  
In shepherd's weeds his deity conceal'd,  
By Jove's appointment on the flow'ry meads 85



Of Inachus alighting; where he stole  
 On watchful Argus, and, his hundred eyes  
 Eluding, rescu'd from her bestial form  
 Afflicted Io. Like the mountain roe  
 The son of Lygdamis in speed excell'd; 90  
 He, had he run for Atalanta's love,  
 Would have rejected Cytherea's aid,  
 Nor, of her swiftness to beguile the fair,  
 Before her steps the golden apples thrown.

He quits the shore impatient; on he flies 95  
 Unquestion'd, rank'd among the Locrian hinds,  
 All Persian subjects now. A midnight course  
 To Oeta's well-known mountains he prefers  
 Through winding vallies, sprinkled with his tears  
 In memory of past events. He finds 100  
 The track to Mycon's hut; that goat-herd hears  
 The sound of footsteps through the morning dew;  
 He sees, he flies to Melibœus, clings  
 Around his neck. The seeming shepherd thus:

Kind

Book XX. THE ATHENAID. 249

Kind friend, inform me of Melissa's weal. 105

To him the swain: In wonder thou wilt hear,

That no Barbarian dares ascend this hill;

Th' attempt with death Mardonius would chastise.

Benign Masistius, who his freedom gain'd

From gen'rous Medon, to his sister thus 110

The benefit repays. He often views

Thermopylæ, inspects th' obsequious band,

Which guards the cavern'd passage to our fane;

The fane he visits. Pleas'd, Melissa greets

The gentle Persian, who delights to speak 115

Of Aristides righteous and humane,

Of Medon's valour on Psittalia's isle,

Who made Masistius captive. Thus at times

The tedious winter's melancholy hours

She sooth'd; depriv'd of thee, superior swain, 120

At times convers'd with Mycon. She hath tun'd

My pipe to music, purify'd my tongue,

Refin'd its language, and my soul enlarg'd.

M 5

Despairing

Despairing never of the public weal,  
 To Aristides, virtuous guardian pow'r 125  
 Of Greece, she strikes her celebrating chords.

So will she, Mycon, to the conqu'ring son  
 Of Neocles, our second guardian pow'r,  
 Cries Haliartus; but too long I wait  
 To hail my holy mistress. She, rejoins 130  
 The swain, hath left this mountain. Forty days,  
 Since I beheld Masistius, are elaps'd;  
 His welcome hand before Melissa plac'd  
 A woman, rather deity in form;  
 The hoary temple with her beauty seem'd 135  
 Illumin'd; regal was her state; her spouse,  
 The youthful king of Macedon, was by.  
 She, in Melissa's presence, cast aside  
 Her majesty; a suppliant in these words,  
 Whose strong impression I retain, she spake: 140

“ Most



" Most gracious, learn'd, and prudent of thy rank,  
 " In Greece the highest, I, in Delphi born,  
 " Phœbean Timon's child, a pious suit  
 " Both in my father's and Apollo's name  
 " 'To thee prefer. Trachiniæ's neighb'ring walls  
 " Contain the object of my tend'rest care, 146  
 " Sandaucè, thither from Emathian bounds  
 " For help convey'd. Masistius will confirm,  
 " Whate'er I utter in Sandaucè's praise.  
 " Her virtues more than equal her estate 150  
 " Of princess, Xerxes' sister; but her woes  
 " Almost exceed her virtues. Nature droops  
 " Beneath its burden, sickness wastes her youth,  
 " Resists all med'cine, while her feeble frame  
 " To dissolution verges. O belov'd 155  
 " By ev'ry Muse illumining thy mind  
 " With ev'ry science, holy woman, fam'd  
 " Among these nations for benignant deeds,  
 " Vouchsafe, descending from thy pure abode,  
 " To grant thy healing aid". Masistius then: 160

" This is the princess, who her husband saw  
 " Slain at her feet, her infants doom'd to death  
 " By Euphrantides; never since that day  
 " The wound inflicted on her gentle heart  
 " Admitted cure." The charitable suit 165  
 Prevail'd, and soon Trachiniæ's gates receiv'd  
 The priestess borne in Amarantha's car.  
 Here Haliartus: Hast thou never seen,  
 Among the Persians who frequent this hill,  
 A youth in rosy vigour, by the name 170  
 Of Artamanes known? I have, returns  
 The goat-herd; he with Amarantha came;  
 Seem'd doubly anxious for Melissa's help  
 To yon afflicted princess; urg'd the suit  
 In Medon's name, his friend and saviour styl'd,  
 Who made him captive on Psittalia's shore. 176  
 But on his cheek the roses, thou dost paint,  
 No longer bloom; his visage, worn and pale,  
 Denotes some inward malady, or grief.

Now,

Now, Melibœus, to my longing ear 180

Thy history unfold. We parted last,

Thou mayst remember, on this fatal spot.

The gentle Agis from this point survey'd

Yon froth of torrents in their stony beds,

Yon shagged rocks, and that disastrous pass 185

Beneath us; whence Barbarian numbers huge

O'erwhelm'd Thermopylæ. But first accept

Refreshment. Under hairy boughs of pines

A rustic board he piles with oaten loaves,

Dry'd fruits and chestnuts; bubbling nigh, a spring

Supplies their bev'rage. Here th' illustrious son

Of Lygdamis recounts a copious tale 192

To wond'ring Mycon; but his birth conceals,

And consanguinity with Caria's queen.

He stops to note the narrow passage throng'd

With laden mules and camels. Mycon then: 196

These



These are my constant spectacle; his host  
Mardonius now assembles. He transports,  
Alpenus, yonder Locrian town, receives  
The gather'd produce of Theſſalia's fields; 200  
Nicæa's fort contains an equal ſtore,  
Preparatives for war. Where lies the camp,  
The Carian questions? On the Malian plain,  
Which Oeta's cliffs command, the ſwain reply'd.  
New tents on clear Spercheos daily riſe 205  
Of Perſians banded from their winter holds;  
Thou ſhalt behold them; follow. Both proceed  
Along the green expanſe Meliſſa lov'd;  
Where genial ſpring had form'd of tufted ſhrubs  
A florid cincture to the lucid pool 210  
Behind the dome, inviolable ſeat  
Of all the Muſes. Thence harmonious nymphs,  
Part of Meliſſa's miniſterial choir,  
Left in their function, with mellifluous voice  
To harps in cadence true enchant the ſoul 215

Of

Of Haliartus, doubly charm'd to hear  
 Leonidas the theme. With numbers sweet  
 His praise inwoven by Melissa's skill  
 Was their diurnal song. But sorrow soon  
 Invades a breast, where gratitude presides ; 220  
 The time and place to Haliartus rise,  
 Where he and Medon took their last farewell  
 Of that devoted hero. In a sigh  
 The Carian thus : O well-remember'd scene  
 Once to these eyes delectable ! Thy flow'rs 225  
 Have lost their odour ; thy crySTALLINE pool  
 Is dull in aspect to my sad'ning sight ;  
 You cannot sooth, melodious maids, the pain  
 Of recollection, starting at the name  
 Your measures sound. Beneath yon solemn beech  
 Regret sits weeping ; Lacedæmon's king 231  
 There of terrestrial music heard the last  
 From Æschylus, the last of banquets shar'd  
 With good Oïleus' daughter. Mycon here :

Suppress

Suppress this grief; the priestess has forbid 235  
 All lamentation for that hero's fate,  
 Who died so glorious. Follow to the cliff,

They soon attain a high projecting point,  
 When Haliartus in a second sigh;

Here stood Melissa; from her sacred lips 240  
 The queen of Caria hence endur'd reproof;  
 Hence did the great Leonidas explore  
 Th' advancing Persians, when his prudent care  
 The trees and marble fragments had amass'd,  
 Which from the mountain overwhelm'd below 245  
 Such multitudes of foes. But, Mycon, speak,  
 What is that cross beside the public way?

Ah! Melibœus, let thy spirit grieve  
 Like mine, exclaims, in gushing tears, the swain;  
 Lo!



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Lo! Xerxes' coward vengeance! Thou behold'st  
Leonidas suspended on that cross. 251

As oft, when lightning strikes the human frame,  
The wound, though imperceptible, destroys  
Each vital pow'r throughout the stiff'ning limbs,  
Which still retain their posture; rigid thus 255  
Is Haliartus; riveted to earth  
He seems, nor utters sound, nor breathes, nor moves  
His ghastly eyeballs. Now, when Mycon thrice  
His name repeated, briefly he replies:

I am benumb'd—Conduct me to a cell 260  
Where I may slumber—Tend thy herd—Expect  
Me at thy home. A mossy cave is nigh;  
There Mycon leaves him. Haliartus stays,  
Not slumb'ring, but, when Mycon is remote,  
Darts from the shelter, traverses a wood, 265  
Descends a crag, which bounds the upper straits,  
Thence

Thence winds his rapid journey to the cross,

Which stands a witness of Barbaric rage.

His ardent zeal to free those honour'd bones

Admits no pause. The midnight watch is past ;

Importunate and hateful, birds obscene 271

Are gather'd round ; disturb'd, their grating shrieks

They mix, and clatter their ill-omen'd wings.

A station'd guard is rous'd ; resistless force

Surrounds the Carian, seizes, leads him bound 275

Before the chieftain of a camp advanc'd.

He, at the sight of Haliartus charg'd

With guilt, whose punishment is death, commands

Th' accusing soldiers to retire, and thus :

Alas ! hath sorrow so impair'd the hue 280

Of Artamanes, that oblivion masks

His face from Haliartus. Thee I know,

Thee Meliboeus once, benignant swain,

My comforter in bondage, when we plough'd

The

Book XX. THE ATHEMAID. 259

The Grecian seas in Delphian Timon's bark. 285

Was not I present, when the genuine seed  
Of Lygdamis in thee Aronces trac'd?

But, O! illustrious brother of a queen

Ador'd in Asia, what disastrous star

Thy midnight steps misguided, to incur 290

The king's immutable decree of death?

Thy bold attempt was virtuous, but his will

Hath made thy virtue criminal. Thy head

At his own peril Artamanes still

Shall guard; thy liberty accept; myself 295

Will be thy guide to safety. Ah! replies

The gen'rous son of Lygdamis, and clasps

The meritorious Persian, I perceive

Still unimpair'd thy virtues; but receive

Thy noble proffer back. For my behoof 300

Not with its shadow danger shall approach

My friend; thy pris'ner let me rest till morn.

A lib'ral garb is all the boon I crave,

Then



Then to Mardonius lead me ; tell my crime,

No grace solicit ; who I am, conceal.

305

In tears, replied the fatrap : Then thou diest ;

The royal edict cannot be controll'd.

It can, return'd the Carian ; rest assur'd,

My preservation in myself I bear.

Oh ! that with equal certainty my pow'r

310

Might from thy bosom chace that inmate new,

Whate'er it be, which violates thy peace,

Thy early youth disfigures, and consumes

Its fruit unripe. Ah ! tell me, is it grief

For some dead friend, or sickness, or the smart

315

Of injury, or love ? Acanthè wak'd

That tender thought, which soften'd on the tongue

Of Haliartus. From the Persian's breast

A sigh, deep note of agony, which riv'd

His gentle heart, accompanied these words :

320

Endear'd

Endear'd associate in affliction past,  
 Thou, and thou only, dost unlock the breast  
 Of Artamanes. It is love, my friend ;  
 The object, once possessing ev'ry charm  
 Exterior, still each beauty of the soul, 325  
 By malady incurable devour'd  
 From day to day is hast'ning to the tomb.  
 Oh ! long deplor'd Sandaucè ; thee my steps  
 Shall follow close—My passion is unknown  
 To her ; peculiar was her state and mine, 330  
 Too delicate at first for me to speak,  
 For her to hear. My hopes malignant time  
 Hath wasted since, my health in her decay.  
 But while my heart is bleeding for my love, 334  
 The sluice grows wider, and to friendship pours  
 A stream enlarg'd. Thy danger—Ah ! permit,  
 That I reveal thy origin and rank ;  
 Thy sister's name can shake the king's decree.

No,

No, Artamanes, by th' immortal gods,  
 Rejoins the Carian ; of my just attempt, 340  
 I, if succeeding, all the merit knew,  
 If taken, knew my ransom. But the stars,  
 Half through their circles run, suggest repose.  
 May grief-asswaging heaviness of sleep  
 Embalm thy eyelids, and like mine thy breast 345  
 Feel no disquiet ; mayst thou rise again,  
 Saluting hope the harbinger of peace.

Stretch'd on a carpet Haliartus slept ;  
 Not so the troubled Persian, long disus'd  
 To lenient rest. Before the dawn he rose ; 350  
 Among the Greek auxiliars he procur'd  
 Apparel fair of Greece. His Carian guest  
 Attir'd he guided o'er the Malian beach,  
 To that august pavilion, which contain'd  
 The royal person once, Mardonius now 355  
 In all the state of Xerxes, save the crown.

Thus



Thus Artamanes: See a hapless man,  
 Who hath attempted to remove the corse  
 Of Sparta's king. That hapless man must die,  
 Returns the gen'ral; Xerxes so ordain'd, 360  
 Not I. Then absent on a charge remote,  
 Mardonius knew not, nor approv'd when known,  
 Th' indignity that noble corse sustain'd.

To him the Carian: Mindarus to death,  
 With hecatombs of nobles thou decreest, 365  
 Who in Euboea will appease my ghost.

Ha! who art thou, in agitation spake  
 The satrap? Guard, bid Lamachus approach,  
 Our visitor so recent from that isle.

He was not far; the son of Gobryas thus 370  
 Address'd him ent'ring: Note that stranger well.  
 Why dost thou start? Themistocles can boast

No

No bolder warrior, Lamachus exclaim'd ;  
I was his captive in th' Orëan fight.

Again the Carian : Truth for once he speaks ;  
I dragg'd him bound my captive on that field ; 376  
Ariobarzanes felt me ; further learn,  
By me the savage Demonax was slain.  
But to have rescu'd from inhuman wrong  
The mortal part of that transcendent man, 380  
Who living shook all Asia with dismay,  
Had been my proudest boast. Mardonius then :

By Horomazes, I admire and prize  
Thy gen'rous flame, brave warrior ! Under charge  
Of Artamanes in Trachiniæ's round 385  
Awhile remain. Now, Lamachus, ascend  
Some ready bark ; revisit yonder isle ;  
This Greek for Mindarus exchange ; redeem  
The rest of Asia's nobles ; I allot

For

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For each a talent. In these words salute 390

Themistocles: "To Athens I have sent

"Young Alexander, Macedonia's prince,

"Ambassador of friendship; I would call

"Themistocles ally; himself may name,

"But Persia's bounty shall exceed his price. 395

"This if his Attic arrogance rejects,

"Tell him, Mardonius, who disdains a war

"Of oars and sails, the dubious ocean's sport,

"Will give him battle on the plains of Thebes."

Though Artamanes joyfully beholds 400

His friend in safety, with a trembling step

Trachiniæ's gates he passes to the roof,

Which holds Sandaucè. Ent'ring, he perceives

Melissa. She, transported at the sight

Of Haliartus, thus began: O friend! 405

Dear to my fire, to all th' Oïlean house,

What unexpected ecstacy were mine



At thy appearance, if—Ah! Persian lord,

Sandaucè, sweet Sandaucè, yields to fate.

Her dying lips on Artamanes call ; 410

Soft gratitude o'erflows her gentle breast ;

Her wish is eager, ere she breathe her last,

To see her friend and guardian. Ending here,

She moves before him ; with unstable feet,

With other prompters, anguish and despair, 415

He follows. Pallid on her mournful couch

The princess lies ; her infants weep around ;

Bright Amarantha in disorder'd garb,

Unloosen'd hair, and frantic with distress,

Stands nigh. The graces sadden on her front ; 420

Her beauteous eyes a gushing torrent pour

Like overswelling fountains, once serene

The lucid mirrors to encircling flow'rs,

Now troubled by a storm, which levels round

The growth of shade, and scatters on their face 425

Uprooted shrubs in bloom. Her languid lips

At length unclosing, thus Sandaucè spake :

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Omniscient God of nature! let me lift  
My voice appealing. When before me lay  
Autarctus slaughter'd, when these babes, condemn'd  
By cruel rites, to sacrifice were led, 431  
Did not the creature of thy tend'rest mold  
Feel as a wife, a mother, and receive  
A cureless wound? Thy providence uprais'd  
A kind protector through my lengthen'd walks 435  
Of grief, till now they terminate in death.  
If to his gen'rous purity of care,  
Assiduous, kind and pious, time hath rais'd  
Within my breast a secret, soft return,  
Was this an error? Hath my heart abus'd 440  
The sensibility, thou gav'st? Alone  
Art thou my judge. Creator, I obey;  
Before thy awful presence thou dost call  
Sandaucè's youth; unconscious of a crime,  
My debt avow'd of gratitude I pay 445  
By this confession of my fleeting breath

To Artamanes. O! illustrious youth,  
 Supreme in rank, in virtue still more high,  
 Thy care continue to these orphan babes.

She ceas'd, and speechless on her pillow sunk.  
 Th' enamour'd Persian instant on the floor 451  
 Dropp'd, like a stony mass, which inward throes  
 Of earth convulsive from a cliff disjoins;  
 Dead monument of ruin on the beach  
 Immoveable it lies. Melissa calls 455  
 On Haliartus; suddenly he bears  
 The hapless youth, inanimate and cold,  
 To an adjoining chamber. There outstretch'd,  
 Restor'd to sense by kind, unwearied zeal  
 In Haliartus, all the night he roam'd 460  
 Through sad delirium's labyrinths till morn;  
 When lo! Melissa: Comfort thee, she said,  
 The princess lives; the burden from her mind  
 Discharg'd, hath render'd to the pow'rs of life

Exertion



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Exertion less confin'd, rekindling hope 465

Of restoration. So th' all-ruling gods

Vicissitude to nature have decreed ;

The mind, the body languishes to-day,

Revives to morrow . . . . Interrupting came

Mardonius thus : What tidings have I heard

Of Artamanes and the princess dead 471

By malady most rare, a mutual flame

Too long conceal'd ? But ent'ring I receiv'd

A milder tale ; they live. Thou holy Greek !

Employ thy science ; save a lovely dame, 475

Though Persian born ; in him preserve my friend ;

Mardonius, long thy country's foe, to thee

Will ne'er be hostile. To Sandaucè go,

Say from my lips, and, Artamanes, hear,

The flow'r of nobles Xerxes shall not lose 480

Through disappointed passion ; were my friend

Less than he is, among the satraps least,

At my enforcement shall the king unite

Their

Their nuptial hands. Now rouse thee, gallant youth,  
 Not long thy gen'ral from his side can spare 485  
 Thy worth approv'd. Masistius is remote;  
 In virtue rich beyond a mortal's share,  
 But to that virtue never yielding rest,  
 He for a time on high adventure bent  
 Hath left me; thou his vacant place must fill. 490  
 The son of Gobryas to his tent returns.



*End of the Twentieth Book.*

# E R R A T A.

- B. XI. l. 157. *For conflagation, read conflagration.*  
B. XI. l. 374. *For onc f, read once of.*  
B. XVI. l. 377. *After calm, place a full stop.*  
B. XVII. l. 47. *After Iris, instead of a full stop, place a comma.*



E R R A T A



B. 21.  
B. 22.  
B. 23.  
B. 24.







